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BREAD AND POLITICS

A HIGH military authority in Germany said the other day: "We have either got to keep a decent standard of living here—or clear out. And clearing out is unthinkable." If that is the situation (and we agree it is), the immediate need is at least to restore the food ration of Germans to 1,500 calories by imports during the next months, until the potato crop is harvested. This means, as Sir Arthur Salter has argued in *The Times*, an "equivalent to the reduction of about 100 calories in our own average consumption—that is, from 2,850 to 2,750." There are various ways in which this can be done. The sacrifice ought not to be only British, but if no one else helps, it must be. The extra for German workers can be procured by bread rationing, by raising the extraction rate, and by making inroads on our stocks. This should not be made dependent on a request to America to ration bread, which we know she will not do. But every effort should be made to persuade the United States to restore our stocks to a safe level without delay.

This is the immediate relief measure necessary to prevent starvation and disease among the populations of the ruined cities of Germany. But it is no more than a relief measure, and on a longer term calculation it is impossible, as Mr. Dalton has pointed out, for us long to continue to pay reparations to Germany to the tune of eighty million pounds or more annually. German workers must be given the food necessary to enable them to work, and their industry must be restored to the level which makes it possible within three years for German exports to pay for German imports. The economic and moral obligations are equally inescapable. The future of Germany and Europe, including Britain, depends on coal production from the Ruhr. Without it, the wheels of industry in Europe cannot turn, nor can the sheer necessities of life be imported. The German miners cannot produce coal if they have not food, and if there is no coal they cannot get food. Without coal there cannot even be the fertilisers without which the hard-worked soil of Germany shows a decreasing yield. The second priority is therefore a constructive scheme for the Ruhr. The French have had to be told in clear terms that they can no longer expect to receive 25 per cent. of Ruhr coal production. The solution is an international consortium in which France and Russia, as well as other countries, should be represented. In that case, no risk of German rearmament would be entailed.

Unfortunately, the recent Reparations Agreement has merely increased confusion and added one more to the long list of international hypocrisies. The *Potsdamer Diktat*, as interpreted in this agreement, makes the economic follies of Versailles look like common sense in comparison. There is no disagreement amongst the Allies that Germany's overweighted heavy industry must be reduced; but there must be full development of her light industries. The British, who have assumed responsibility for the most densely industrialised and least agricultural part of Germany, must publicly put forward their own plan and ask for the collaboration of their Allies in carrying it out. To have struggled against the absurdly low figures proposed in the Reparations discussions is not enough. Already it is clear that the reservations made by Britain have made nonsense of the whole agreement. The agreement postulates an economic unity for Germany (of which there is yet no sign), a population of no more than 66½ millions, which is, in fact, less than the true figure, and no revision of frontiers, though France is already demanding that the Saar and perhaps the Ruhr should be detached from the new Germany. Already, therefore, the case for revision of the pastoralisation scheme is made.

We must present to Germany, to Russia and to the world an intelligent economic and political plan. To-day the British have reached the point of advocating and supporting Social-Democracy without carrying out a Socialist policy. The only result is to discredit the Social-Democrats whom we favour. All that we have done to encourage the workers is to arrest some tainted industrialists. We have put forward no plan for public ownership of the basic industries and essential services in North-West Germany; we have not even divided up the great estates that can be found in Westphalia, Hesse and other provinces. Land reform is not so important in the West as it was in East Prussia, Brandenburg, or Pomerania, but it remains an urgent and unfulfilled demand of German Socialists of all types. Our administrators, both military and civilian, fail to understand that Social-Democracy is Socialism, as well as political democracy. Yet no one who studies the problem of Germany denies that the future Reich must be Socialist, and that, unless a Socialist policy is carried out in the West, Social-Democracy will be completely discredited. In that case all who are not politically apathetic in Germany will be either Nazis or Communists, and the British Raj, terrified of Communism, will find itself driven once again into supporting the very German elements which gave Hitler power. Already many Germans are saying that National Socialism in a new form is the only hope for Germany.

As we consider this critical situation we find ourselves unable to agree with many of the criticisms of the article which we published by Professor Cole (March 16th) and of his pamphlet *Labour's Foreign Policy*. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Zilliacus has urged, that to bolster up the old Social-Democratic party as a fighting force against Communism in Germany is a futile policy, and that to allow negative opposition to Communism to take the place of positive Socialism is to court disaster. But neither we nor Mr. Cole have made any such proposal. What we have argued, and still do, is that, whether Russia in fact desires to co-operate or not, it must be our duty to put forward an active Socialist policy in the West which will appeal to all German workers alike. At present, the workers in the British Zone see no hope either of food or of independence. If our object is to give the German working classes a chance to develop democratically, and at the same time to reach an understanding with the Soviet Union, we must ourselves apply Socialism to our temporary colonial empire in Germany. That is not to organise against the Soviet Union; it is to adopt the only policy that could lead to co-operation and understanding with it.

The Security Council and Spain

Having referred to a Committee the plea of Mr. Gromyko (now supported by the Persian Government) that the question of Iran should be removed from the agenda, the Security Council has next to make up its mind whether to take cognizance of the "situation" in Franco Spain. In contending that the existence of a Fascist dictatorship in Spain constitutes a threat to world peace, Poland will have the support of France as well as Russia; but, in view of the non-interventionist attitude taken up by Britain and America there seems little prospect of the Council reaching any agreement. Admittedly the problem of taking positive steps to oust Franco and restore democracy in Spain is not easy; it will certainly never be solved so long as Britain and the United States have mixed motives in the matter. There may be room for doubt as to the effect of applying economic sanctions—e.g., petrol—against Franco; but the practical arguments, for and against, will never be realistically discussed so long as Britain and the United States regard Spain as a valuable and expanding market for friendly competition. Nor will this canker ever be rooted out of Europe, if we adopt the astonishing attitude of Sir William Beveridge, who argues, in an article in last Sunday's *Observer*, that we should "forget all about the Civil War" and display a friendly and liberal-minded attitude towards Spain. The results of such a policy will merely be to make the Spanish Left look exclusively to Russia for support. If he is sincere in his proclaimed "detestation" of the Franco regime, the least that Mr. Bevin can do is to appoint an official British representative to the Giral Government, and to join with France in according the exiled Republicans all possible moral and material support.

The Greek Government

Elected by what the Allied Observers certify to have been a "true and valid verdict," the Populist majority in the Greek Parliament is already calling the tune. The Centre Ministers who threatened to resign unless the Cabinet requested the Regent to remain in office are again on the verge of resignation. This time they are incensed by a telegram sent by most of the Populist deputies to King George protesting against the continuation of the Regency. The Monarchist tactic is clear: with Archbishop Damaskinos out of the way, the Cabinet would exercise the King's prerogatives, thus, in fact, making him the ultimate authority in Greek politics, although he has not yet returned to the country. In this case, everything hinges upon the proposed plebiscite. So far, the British have been opposed to the Populists' desire to advance the date from 1948 to this summer. The logical conclusion of the Allied Mission's report—as the Populists have not hesitated to point out—is that, if the elections were honest and satisfactory, then there is no reason why the plebiscite should not be held almost at once. Has the British Government already agreed to this reversal of policy? It would be an ill-advised change. As things are, the Populists did not secure a majority of the popular vote cast. There is little sense in attempting to compute—as the Allied Mission endeavoured to do—the vote that the Left parties would have polled had they not boycotted the election. But no certificate of honesty can conceal the substantial number of abstentions, the defects of the registers or the regime of intimidation which preceded the elections. To permit the Monarchists to smuggle in the King on the basis of the verdict in this election would be the logical conclusion of Mr. Churchill's, not Labour's, policy

Elections in Japan

The Japanese elections have had the expected result—a triumph for the forces of Conservatism. Arguing that it would be premature to seek a true verdict for the Japanese people while the economic power of the big landlords and the Zaibatsu (monopolist big business) was still unbroken and the new popular parties had had insufficient time to organise, New Zealand and the U.S.S.R. had suggested that the election should be postponed. To this General MacArthur declined to assent; and his headquarters have now announced that the election results are "satisfactory." In the new Diet the Liberal and Progressive Parties, successors of the pre-war Seiyukai and Minseito Parties, will form, with the predominantly Conservative Independents, a solid reactionary *bloc* in control. The Socialists have won less than a fifth of the seats, and only a handful of Communist candidates have been returned. On the face of it, the results would appear to indicate that Japan has no desire to break the industrial monopolies, to reform the system of land tenure, or to abolish the monarchy. This election seems to be not so much an expression of the Japanese people's will as a reflection of the continuing power of the old Party machines under American auspices.

Troubled Manchuria

Manchuria continues to be the most dangerous issue in the complex pattern of Sino-Soviet-American relations and of the Kuomintang-Communist conflict. Democratic Chinese are genuinely concerned about their North-Eastern provinces, whilst reactionary Chinese exploit this feeling and continue to terrorise the Left by such well-worn tactics as smashing up newspaper and political offices. The Russians aim at an economic hold over Manchuria, while the United States hope to secure a dominant position in Chungking's economic plans. Meanwhile a Military Committee, consisting of an American representing General Marshall, a Chinese representing the War Minister and a Communist General deputising for Chou En-lai, has arrived in Manchuria to discuss a truce between the Chinese Government troops and the Communist forces in the area from which the Russians are withdrawing. The Russian troops are leaving Changchun, the capital of Manchuria, this week, and the Chungking Government is reported to have offered to limit their troop movements in Manchuria if the Communists will not resist the retaking of Changchun and Harbin. The "truce" Committee, however, has so far failed to achieve any agreement on the question which troops shall take the place of the withdrawing Russian Army, and there is grave danger of civil war involving thousands of troops on both sides. What is needed is a political and military agreement by which the Central Government pledges itself to accord representation to all parties and groups, to recognise all anti-Japanese forces in this area, and to restrict the numbers of Government forces in view of the existence of a "democratic joint army" which, the Communists say, numbers 300,000. Unless some agreement is found in Manchuria the Communists may refuse participation in the Assembly due in May, and once more the basis of national unity will be destroyed.

Coalition and Constitution

The French parties are at odds on a constitutional issue that does not leave much room for compromise. The M.R.P. is unlikely to endorse a draft constitution which omits its proposal for a second chamber, whilst neither the Socialists nor the Communists will abate their insistence on a single sovereign assembly. Before the matter was pushed to a division—in which the combined Left secured only a bare majority—the Cabinet failed to find any way of reconciling the two positions. So far, the M.R.P. has refused to commit itself to the constitutional draft, reserving its opinion until its various amendments have been voted upon by the Assembly. On some of these a compromise has been found, but besides the vital question of whether there should be one or two chambers, the Left and the M.R.P. are also unable to reach agreement on the powers and election of the President. It is, of course, possible that M.R.P. may remain in the Cabinet and reserve its right both to a free vote on constitutional issues and to disclaim any commitment to the draft to be submitted to the referendum. But in this case, the Socialists and Communists cannot command the necessary two-thirds quorum for the draft. This would presumably mean that at the coming elections France would elect yet another Provisional Constituent Assembly charged with preparing yet another draft. This unhappy result would produce seven more months of indecision and party manoeuvres, though a combined Socialist and Communist contest, with the M.R.P. in opposition, might produce a clearer alignment of forces. It is already reported that the Communists will withdraw support from M. Bidault's Ruhr policy if M. Gouin will in turn break with M.R.P. to form a united Left administration.

The Man-Power Position

In the Ministry of Labour's latest return of man-power the most significant trend disclosed is the continued decline—by over 100,000 during the month of February—in the numbers of women occupationally engaged. Of the total working population, numbering just under 19.5 millions, 4.5 millions were still engaged at the end of February in the Forces and in the production of munitions. The balance, approximately 15 millions, available for home market needs and production for export compares with 16.7 millions in mid-1939. Thus, although the return shows that the estimated number employed in the production of manufactured goods for export has now passed the mid-1939 figure, the over-all shortage of labour in civilian production is still acute. From this, two conclusions follow. First, demobilisation and the curtailment of output of munitions will have to be accelerated; secondly, the Prime Minister's recent appeal to women to continue in industry will have to be reinforced by incentives bigger than the modest increase vouchsafed by Mr. Dalton in married women's Earned Income Allowance. In particular if women's wages in the engineering industry are not rapidly improved, there are likely to be withdrawals of women labour from engineering on a disquieting scale when the "control" is lifted at the end of the month.

The Post-war Army

The Government's announcement on Monday of terms of pay and conditions designed to secure re-engagement of approximately 185,000 men for the Services on a three or four years' basis, threw little light on long-term policy with regard to compulsory service. Mr. Bellenger, indeed, indicated that he thought conscription would have to continue, at any rate for some period. If a decision in this sense covering, say, the next three years ahead is reached, it will occasion no great surprise. The valid criticism to which the Government remains exposed is that it is prolonging the present uncertainty as to the length of service which young men now being called up will be required to perform. This makes it impossible for students and apprentices to plan their future. Mr. Strachey's assurance to the House on Tuesday, that a decision, at least of an interim nature, will be announced next month, is belated but welcome.

Postscript to the Budget

Winding up the debate on the Budget, Mr. Dalton gave an unusually candid and important pre-view of his long-term fiscal intentions. In any further reduction of taxation in coming years, he would continue, he said, to give a "prominent place" to relief from income tax, in whose incidence he saw the need for "useful simplifications." With this statement of in-

tentions, subject to one vital and one minor qualification, we have no quarrel. Although, as we argue in a leading article, the search for new incentives in the transition to Socialism must be sought to a considerable extent outside the field of cash rewards, we agree with the Chancellor that direct taxation of earned incomes, at its present level and with its present steep rate of progression, is a deterrent to effort. In particular, under P.A.Y.E., the sudden impact of variable rates of tax is apt to rob extra earnings of much of their attraction. We would commend earnestly to Mr. Dalton's consideration the scheme for income tax revision which has been propounded by the *Economist*. This provides for a flat rate of, say, 5*s*. in the pound on all earned income—allowances being credited to the taxpayer as a separate transaction. This would eliminate the present uneven incidence of P.A.Y.E. deductions; and, to provide the necessary progression in direct taxation, surtax at appropriate rates would be levied on all incomes above, say, £500 a year. Additionally, in the interests of incentive, we should like to see the earned income allowance restored to one-fifth of earned income and made applicable up to a limit of, say, £500—a merited relief, in our opinion, to the better paid technicians and professional workers on whose wholehearted co-operation much depends in building a Socialist commonwealth.

Taxation and Unequal Incomes

As an offset to reductions in income tax, Mr. Dalton indicated that he was inclined to maintain indirect taxation at a high level; indeed, he dubbed opposition to indirect taxes as "an old-fashioned, slipshod way of thinking." It is here that qualifications are essential before the Chancellor's thesis can be accepted. In a Socialist state, in which inequality of income was proportioned accurately to services rendered, there would be no objection to the bulk of the national revenue being raised by indirect taxation. In Britain's present position, weighting the balance in favour of the direct taxpayer would be grossly unjust to the poor. If, therefore, Mr. Dalton proposes to retain, more or less as at present, both the traditional Customs and Excise duties and the purchase tax, it is imperative, first, that taxes on consumption should be more systematically graded as between necessities and luxuries (it is difficult, for example, on sumptuary grounds to justify the high priority given in the Budget to lower taxes on gramophones). Secondly, and this is the vital consideration, much more must be done by direct taxation to eliminate large incomes, particularly those accruing to the *rentier*. In any revision of income tax which the Chancellor has in mind, we hope to see an increased differential both in the flat rate and surtax levied on unearned income, which might well be extinguished at a ceiling of £2,000 a year. Simultaneously, we trust there will be a much steeper progression in death duties on estates exceeding, say, £20,000. It is only on such a basis that, from a Socialist standpoint, high indirect taxation becomes legitimate.

IN PARLIAMENT: End of Term

Tuesday.

TANTALISED by the thought of John Mack being greeted in Sofia by 150,000 Bulgars chanting "We want to be ffiends," members could be excused, in the dying session, for looking towards the windows and indulging in reveries of Parliamentary excursions during the recess. No major legislation, nor three-line whips, roused the House from its end-of-term mood. The most stimulating piece of Parliamentary virtuosity was a point-of-order by Leslie Hale, of Oldham, lasting seventeen minutes. So interesting was his intervention and curious his precedents—in particular his references to the Drouly Bequest for the widows of inmates of the Royal Hospital of Chelsea, to the *cy près* doctrine and sartorial coats—that even those who didn't understand what it was all about were constrained to say "Hear, hear," rather than to groan a derogatory "Speech!" The Speaker himself, though ruling that Hale's original motion on the Army Estimates, which referred to pensions, was still out of order, could not but congratulate him on his skill.

The amendment to the Army Estimates on Conditions of Service was moved by Lt.-Colonel Corbett in a speech which produced an interesting discussion on both sides of the House. The Financial Secretary to the War Office cleared up one important misconception among Conservative members. An Opposition Front Bencher had invoked him as the "Voice of the Services." Bellenger replied, "I did not describe myself as the 'Voice of the Services'; that was an appellation given to me by those who thought I was." Whatever the origin of this friendly description, the Voice no longer appears to speak for all the Services, since the Socialist soldiers in the House voted unanimously for the Government and the Tory soldiers voted against it.

Benn Levy, in raising the question of a soldier's liberty to marry whom he wants to, even if the woman is a German, showed an admirable persistence. He had previously raised the matter in the form of Parliamentary questions but had been bandied from the Minister of War to the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, to the Prime Minister, and back to the Clerk at the Table. Bellenger was still unable to give a definite answer, since the matter concerns various Departments and "agreement has to be reached between the Departments before it will be possible to give an answer." He also suggested that Levy could "always put down a question." No one can blame the Financial Secretary for his unsatisfactory reply to a question which, as Levy pointed out, is one of major principle, the "right of a free man freely to choose his own wife," even if "only a merciful and complete suspension of judgment on the part of the male enables the human race to perpetuate itself."

The Adjournment Debate on Financial Provision for University Education was brief, but it raised major questions which require further discussion. How many Universities? How large? With what funds? What students? And how governed? Smith of Colchester and Corlett of York, two Labour members, asked the questions.

Wilson Harris, Independent Member for Cambridge University, extended the matter by speaking of the freedom of the Universities, and mentioned the "democracy of Ancient Athens," which induced in some members an agreeable and classical reverie.

And thus the recess begins, the Members dispersing to their Constituencies and their foreign parishes—Ernest Bevin among them, who carries on his journey to France good wishes for an Anglo-French Alliance even from his critics.

PHINEAS MINOR

INCENTIVES IN TRANSITION

IT has always been obvious that, in the transition from a capitalist to a Socialist system, the problem of incentives would present serious difficulties—most of all if the transition were to be very gradual. At least four different kinds of incentive have to be considered—the incentives to wage-labour, salaried management, private entrepreneurs and capitalist investors, respectively. The capitalist system has depended for its working on the presence of certain incentives applying to each of these groups; and in every case their operation is bound to be affected by a change of system. Complete Socialism would, of course, alter the situation radically, by doing away with two of the four groups and substituting public ownership and investment for the existing methods. But the purpose of this article is to discuss not what would happen under complete Socialism, but what is happening now, when a quite small dose of Socialism is being gently injected into the economic system and a considerably larger dose into the minds of the people. Indeed, no small part of the problem lies in the difference between the physical and the mental doses. The electors, when they returned the present Government to office, did not expect that the result would be Socialism. But they did expect much "socialistic" advance; they expected something to happen, something that would involve an immediate change, and portend a greater.

Exactly how are incentives affected? On the purely material plane, very little. The wage-incentives, measured in terms of money, remain much as before. The salaried manager stands to do little better or worse. The private entrepreneur, except the few who are affected by immediate projects of nationalisation, has certainly not had his expectations of profit worsened, and may have had them enhanced by the Labour Party's commitment to a policy of full employment. The investor stands where he stood. The Government has done nothing at all that can be regarded as undermining the material incentives characteristic of capitalist production. Quite the contrary: it is obviously doing its best to keep them all intact, with the single exception that it is keeping a tighter hand on excessive prices than a Conservative Government would probably have done.

In psychological terms, the record is different. Take first investment. The poorer sections of the community have shown no disposition to give up saving, but the richer have given up, as they were already beginning to do before the war. A good proportion of them are living partly on capital, and they are clamorous for higher dividends, which they will spend, rather than invest, if they get them. To a substantial extent they are beginning to get these higher dividends, and will get more of them when E.P.T. comes off. The directors of companies will probably in most cases be disposed to gratify them by distributing a higher proportion of profits and putting less to reserve—that is, by investing less in a corporate capacity; and this will react on private investment. There is an undoubted disposition in the industries whose leaders feel they may be destined for nationalisation to make hay for their shareholders while the sun shines. This does not greatly matter, wherever the State stands ready to make good any deficiency in private investment by public investment in capital goods, but it does matter where reliance is still to be placed on private investment to bring industrial equipment properly up to date.

As for the entrepreneurs, they are not easy in these days to disentangle from the directors who are supposed to represent the investors. They suffer, large and small, from rather similar reactions—a propensity to feel that, if Socialism is on the way, however remote, there is somehow less responsibility on their shoulders for keeping things going. This state of mind encourages short views, and tends to profit-taking in the present rather than to venturesomeness with a view to the future. And the salaried manager is disposed in most cases to take his cue rather from the mood of his employers than from a State which still neither gives him his orders nor accepts any responsibility for him.

Lastly, what of the workers? They have been used, in most cases—let us make no bones about it—to working in peace-time just about as hard as they either had to work in order to hold their jobs or felt it worth while to work in response to piece-work inducements. Many, indeed the majority, have worked well in quality, and have been proud of doing so; but not many take a pride in high quantity of output, save to the extent to which it is reflected in the pay-packet. As long as the war was on, things were different; but the atmosphere and the traditions of peace have come back. And can workers in the mass be fairly expected to change their attitude to wage-labour when its character has not itself undergone any noticeable change, and when the same employers are appealing to them to work on the basis of the old incentives?

The Russians worked, because they had been through a revolution, and understood well enough that only in working lay their hope of garnering its full fruits. The British worker, despite all the appeals for higher output, at most only half feels—how can he more?—that it is up to him. He is conscious of the weakening of the old compelling incentives. He is no longer afraid of being out of work—at any rate, not at all as he used to be afraid. And he is not conscious of any new incentive, beyond a general notion that Great Britain is in a tight place and that somebody ought to be doing something about it.

In these circumstances the psychological incentives are changed all round, even though the monetary incentives are not much different from what they used to be. What is the remedy? The trouble is that the question seems to require contradictory answers. For those who depend on profit-incentives, the obvious answer is reassurance—that is, making it as plain as it can be made that most of the profit-makers will be allowed to have quite a good time, and that the rest will be handsomely compensated. For the wage-earners, on the other hand, the required answer is quite different; for it is impossible to find an appealing answer that does not involve playing up, instead of playing down, the extent of the change which the advent of a Socialistic Government implies. The profit-makers need to be told that nothing much has been altered, or will be in the near future; the workers need telling that the change is already great enough to transfer the main responsibility for output to their shoulders.

Which of these two answers is the Government trying to give? On the whole, one concludes, the first; for that is what is implied not so much in its utterances as in its appointments, which have been most plainly designed to reassure the old ruling classes that the principles of continuity and "safety first" are being faithfully observed. Recourse is also being had to the second answer; otherwise appeals to the Trade Unions for aid in raising output would lose all their force. The weight, however, is on the first answer; and as long as it is so, we cannot expect the second kind of appeal to have much effect.

On the face of it, this looks like an impasse. But it is not quite that. The right course surely would be to publish now a list of industries and services which it is proposed to take over during the next ten years, together with an explicit statement of the degrees of control which it is meant to exercise over the rest. That would tell the profit-seeking sections of society exactly where they can expect to stand for a reasonable time ahead. But, having done that, the Government should throw all its remaining weight on the other answer, emphasising the extent of the changes which it proposes to make and demonstrating, *by the nature of its appointments to key positions of every sort and kind*, that it is not standing neutral between capital and labour, or between the old order and the new, but means to have in the key places men who will push as hard as they know how towards the new system which the Labour Party is pledged to create.

This is *not* an appeal to appoint only Socialists. There are not enough, with the right equipment, to go round. It is an appeal to stop trying to look strictly impartial between Socialists and anti-Socialists, or even as if the scales were being deliberately weighted against Socialism. It is an appeal not to take a purely civil service view, or to push civil servants into jobs that clearly call for political constructiveness based on full sympathy with the Socialist programme. As long as working men can see hardly any difference between the appointments made by a Socialist Government and those made by its predecessors, they will not believe that there is any call on them to respond to new incentives. Even a relatively few new men, given their heads and plainly meaning to *administer* things differently, would convince people that the election victory of 1945 was a real victory, and that something is really happening as a result.

BEHIND THE PHILIPPINE ELECTIONS

When the war-battered Filipinos ballot on April 23rd they will be making one of the most important decisions in the history of the Islands. The vote for the presidency will decide whether the Islands will achieve statutory independence on July 4th, 1946, under arrogant, flashy Manuel Roxas, pro-fascist representative of a cabal of entrenched agrarian feudalists and industrial magnates, or under moderate, ageing Sergio Osmena, the candidate of a broad, democratic coalition.

The pre-war Philippines had a virtual one-party system, with the late Manuel Quezon's Nationalist Party in firm control. But war-time experiences and rapidly maturing economic problems have produced a deepening rift. Roxas has a strong chance of winning because he has the support of the Philippine vested interests and the American Army and business community. Himself a millionaire landowner through his marriage into the De Leon family, he is supported enthusiastically by the *hacenderos*, lords of the semi-feudal plantations who have ruled as a law unto themselves since the beginning of the Spanish Conquest. These owners are troubled by the growth of peasant demands stemming from the influence of the Left-wing peasant guerrilla forces. They are expected to spend freely to buy up votes, knowing that Roxas will back up their demands for military suppression of still-armed peasants.

Roxas is also favoured by the dominant American and Spanish business interests controlling the sugar centrals and the coconut oil industry. During the forty-year American occupation the Islands have developed a lop-sided economy, with export industries catering for the American market favoured at the expense of industries catering for the home market. These export interests expect Roxas' support in retaining a free-trade relationship with the United States which will mean in effect that, although the Commonwealth will receive statutory independence, it will remain an American economic colony.

Roxas has been fittingly described as the "collaborationists' candidate." During the Japanese occupation he helped draft the puppet constitution, supported the declaration of war on the United States and Britain and, as the Chairman of the puppet Economic Planning Board, strove to secure rice for the Japanese while Filipino guerrillas were dying to keep rice out of Japanese hands. He now claims he took these jobs to serve as a buffer for his people and has raised the cry that "there were no Japanese puppets among Filipinos." He has the fervent support of virtually all those who are similarly tarred.

Roxas' chances of winning have been enhanced considerably by his success in muzzling the liberal press. The strongly anti-Roxas *Philippine Press* was forced to cease publication for a period after being denied paper and printing facilities by pro-Roxas forces. Because of their attacks on dictators Franco and Salazar and because they advocated breaking up the large estates held by the Dominican Order, the *Star Reporter* and *Courier* were denied press facilities by the Dominican Fathers who control the University of Santo Tomas Press. Liberal groups attempting to buy the printing presses formerly used by *Yank*, the American Army weekly, were outbid by Roxas' well-heeled *Daily News*.

Perhaps the decisive element of Roxas' support has come from the American military authorities. This may seem strange in view of anti-collaborationist statements by Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, but pro-Roxas deeds in the field have far outweighed anti-Roxas statements in Washington. That Roxas is running for office is due to incredible partiality by General MacArthur's command. Roxas and a group of other puppets were picked up by American patrols in April, 1945, three months after the Lingayen Gulf landing. All except Roxas were jailed; he was put on active duty with the rank of Brigadier-General in General MacArthur's headquarters.

Roxas' supporters claim that this occurred because, while pretending to be a puppet, he was secretly in contact with the Americans. While it seems to be true that he made a passive contact with American Intelligence as a form of insurance against Japan's defeat, it is certain he made no active contribution to that defeat. His name is not to be found among the thousands listed in the roster of the Philippine resistance movement contained in the official report of May, 1945, issued over the signatures of Generals Sutherland and Willoughby of MacArthur's command. The likely explanation for Roxas's release is to be found in the fact that General MacArthur leaned heavily on the advice of Colonel Andres Soriano, Spanish millionaire business-man, formerly chief Falangist representative of Spanish dictator Franco and close friend of Roxas.

Severely frightened by the danger of a Roxas victory, Centre and Left elements have coalesced behind the candidature of President Osmena. To Osmena's Nationalist Party, which has been weakened by the defection to the Roxas camp of the most powerful entrenched interests, has been added the support of the Popular Front and the Democratic Alliance. They are united on a programme calling for political and economic independence, broad social reform and opposition to Fascism and collaborationism. The Popular Front is a small pro-democratic party whose candidate ran a poor second to the late President Quezon in the 1941 elections. The Democratic Alliance is the most dynamic element in the coalition since it embraces the first substantial stirrings of the masses. It comprises the peasant unions, Labour organisations, Lawyers' Guild, Civil Liberties Union, Communist Party and several guerrilla groups including the Communist-led peasant guerrillas of the Hukbalahap or People's Anti-Japanese Army.

The Huks grew out of pre-war tenant organisations in central Luzon which attempted to improve serf-like conditions. During the war these peasants fought the Japanese while most absentee landlords like Roxas turned collaborationist. The Huks kept the rice from the landlords and Japanese and divided it among the tilling and fighting peasants. Now they advocate a substantial improvement over the pre-war fifty-fifty division of the crop. They have hidden much of their arms in order to defend their unions against the landlord-dominated rural constabulary.

This awakened and armed peasantry threatens the entire semi-feudal agrarian fabric, and the Roxas group has secured the aid of the American Army in attempting to push the peasants back to their pre-war status. American military police and counter-intelligence operatives have jailed hundreds of peasant leaders, unseated peasant-elected local officials and replaced them with landlords' nominees and made it hazardous for the Left to operate in large sections. A Philippine Army and Constabulary of almost 200,000 has been armed and trained and is being paid by the Americans, in addition to the retention of about the same number of resentful American troops. All this has made it difficult for Osmena's peasant supporters to carry out any electoral work, and has certainly weighted the scales in Roxas' favour.

When questioned about their activities, Army officers will explain it is necessary to maintain "law and order" because of the large number of unsurrendered arms. When it is pointed out that they seem intent only on taking arms from the Left, while ignoring those held by bandits and landlords, they sometimes grow candid and explain that in view of the coming "showdown" with Russia it is necessary to suppress potential Russian allies in the American rear. Rather than seek a possible meeting ground with the U.S.S.R., American military leaders seem to prefer to support the forces of feudalism and Fascism.

ANDREW ROTH

A GERMAN DIARY

THE trivial incident of my short detention by the police in the Russian sector of Berlin (which has been variously reported in the British press) is only worth describing for the light it throws on the present conditions of quadripartite occupation. Wishing to know more about the way people survive in the shell of Berlin, I went down to the Alexander Platz district in company with Mr. Kurtz, the editor of one of the German papers in the Russian Zone, and Heinrich Fraenkel who has been making a study of education in Germany. We went to a café and ordered what for old time's sake is called beer—the only thing that can be bought in a German café. Fraenkel and I were in war correspondents' uniform. Russian soldiers were sitting there with their girls; one of them I saw fill a glass from a bottle of spirits he had concealed inside his overcoat. Shortly afterwards this soldier—or policeman—I never discovered his rank or function—came over to our table and greeted us. We shook hands; English and Russians good comrades and so forth. When we wanted to leave he demanded our papers and, being unable to read them, marched us down the road to a German police station. As he wore a tommy-gun on his back and this was in the Russian sector, it was no case for argument. Moreover Fraenkel had left his papers behind. The next two hours were complicated; inquiries were interrupted at one point by the arrival of an hysterical man who had been arrested with many others—we saw a lorry-load of them—for black-marketing. He declared that he was framed. The police were German, extremely polite and anxious to help us by phoning our friends. The Russian was bothered by not understanding English or German and kept vehemently asserting his authority. The German police persuaded the Russian that the papers of Kurtz and myself were in order; Kurtz was released and went off to organise help for us; I naturally refused to leave until Fraenkel was also clear. The Russian insisted that Fraenkel must go with him to the Russian police, but seemed much bothered at my insistence that Fraenkel was my kamerad and that I should go too. I had given him a packet of cigarettes worth a shilling or two to me but, on the present Berlin exchange, worth about £6 or half a pound of black market butter. Argument in pidgin-German continued in the street. I was anxious not to lose Fraenkel without papers in a Russian police station whose address I did not even know. I impressed on the Russian that he would get into trouble when the British officers to whom I had phoned arrived to take us home. On one occasion he took this as an insult, pointed his tommy-gun in front of him and declared that there were six million Russian soldiers, etc. Finally he wandered off and Fraenkel and I returned to chat with the German police about their difficulties. Half an hour later an impressive British rescue party, headed by a Brigadier, arrived; it was, perhaps, somewhat of anticlimax for them to find us free and on good terms with the German police.

* * *

In itself, this incident is totally unimportant. The Russian's complaint, as far as I could judge from his few odd words of German, was that we were "looking round" too much. I take this to mean that we watched him pouring spirits out of a black market bottle. Almost everyone is in the black market, including, of course, the Russian soldiers. (The British share in the black market is different. With cigarettes at this fantastic value, many British soldiers sell their cigarette rations for marks, save the whole of their pay, and some send home articles they illegally acquire.) The Russian policeman had a right to look at our papers and to check up on Fraenkel when his were not forthcoming. Incidents of this sort would not matter at all if it were not also true that Russian kidnapping still goes on and that people arrested to be questioned may never be seen again by their friends. Not everyone arrested by the police is in our fortunate position of being able to ring up a British Brigadier.

* * *

As to the Russian behaviour in general, there is no doubt much exaggeration—a hangover from the first days of indiscriminate loot and rape. Analysing the question of the methods used to obtain the merger of Communists and Social-Democrats in Berlin, I should list the following factors. First, many German Socialists, though frightened of the Russians, desire a single party; they remember how the former division between the Communists and Socialists helped Hitler to come to power. Secondly, they have become used to a totalitarian system and are not surprised to find that rations and jobs sometimes depend on joining the right party. Thirdly, the Russians have undoubtedly browbeaten some of the Social-Democratic leaders into accepting fusion. They mix cajolery and threats, and I am told the Social-Democratic leaders who accepted fusion were afterwards given cars and special parcels of food. The British and Americans will now make an effort against great odds to maintain independent Social-Democratic parties in their sectors of Berlin.

* * *

In this struggle the Russians have much in their favour. Berlin is in the middle of the Russian Zone; the Russians are there to stay, and most people doubt whether the other Allies can maintain their precarious footing in Berlin. Therefore much tried Germans may think it prudent not to stand in with the Western Allies. The Russians have a social dynamic, while the British and Americans in Berlin only offer something vague called democracy. The Russian Zone is plastered with propaganda notices; the one I noticed particularly was a quotation from Stalin's famous speech saying that Hitlers come and Hitlers go, but the German State goes on for ever. The Soviet Union in effect offers hope of national recovery to young Germans, and I see that in one of the Communist papers there is actually an appeal to German youth to rebuild their country, couched in terms not so very different from the idealistic propaganda of the Nazi Party. It is widely asserted that the Communists are by no means as particular as the Social Democrats not to allow ex-Nazis to join their ranks. It is also true that young Nazis are gradually being absorbed into various parties and that Germans remain Nationalists, regretting defeat rather than repudiating the Hitler regime.

* * *

Turn now to the British Zone. The British have made it a colony and behave very much as they do in India. At the top I everywhere found men of real ability who are conscious of a great responsibility and desperately anxious to feed Germany decently. They are angry about the Reparations Agreement which makes it impossible for them to get the wheels of German industry turning. Legally the Germans are just "niggers." Air-raid sirens still announce the curfew. Germans have no rights against the British, and may not enter British clubs which are located in all the best houses that survive in the ruined cities. The German is a servant and treated as such; the British idea is to be "firm," kind and never allow the German to think that he is on an equality. But the British know that the Germans are not niggers. They have a great respect for the Germans. Too often they like the wrong Germans and our anti-Communism may lead towards co-operation with reaction. British respect for Germans is not only due to their fighting qualities, their efficiency and their readiness to obey orders. Nor is it only due to the fact that a large number of British soldiers of all ranks are living happily with German girls. It is also partly due to respect for the behaviour of ordinary Germans in defeat. I will give one simple illustration. A commanding officer in a very high position told me how he one day went down to see how people were living in cellars under the ruins, as so many do. He found a black cellar without any ventilation, kept spotlessly clean, in which a woman lived with her family. He asked the woman the cause of the appalling stench. She took a candle and showed him that next to her cellar was an open sewer. She said, "I am rather bothered about this, because if the sewer rises any further it will flood our cellar, and in that case it will be very difficult to keep the place clean."

* * *

My one important discovery in the British Zone is that Britain has now a conscious policy. I do not suggest that it has penetrated very far, but the responsible authorities have now passed beyond the stage of merely allowing political parties to be set up. They are actively supporting German Social-Democrats though not of course so forcibly as the Russians support Communists. Dr. Schumacher, whom I saw at the headquarters of the Social-Democrats in Hanover, is vehemently anti-Communist, a Socialist leader of the Western brand. He is a fine speaker, I'm told, and I should say that he is a brave man. He stands high in the British regard. A new departure has been made in Berlin where Austen Albu, the well-known Fabian and Socialist writer, has an important say in British political policy. Tom Agar, an experienced organiser, is promoting trade unions in Dusseldorf. I met his German Trade Union Committee and heard their frank opinions. The leader was Herr Boerckler, a solid trade unionist of great repute, who was for five years in a concentration camp. There were also a well-known Catholic leader and Herr Skranty, probably the ablest Communist leader in the Ruhr. The British have been wonderfully slow in starting trade unions, but Agar's realistic approach seems to be prospering. The prospect of German democracy, political and industrial, depends, however, on food. Dr. Schumacher remarked, I thought truly, that if food conditions do not change for the better in the next few months no one in Germany will pay attention to any of the party leaders. "The German people will then go their own way."

* * *

I shall not easily forget arriving in Dortmund at 10 o'clock on Monday morning. Eighty-eight per cent. of the buildings in Dortmund were rendered uninhabitable, and Colonel Graves, the very energetic and paternal Governor, is able after a year there to boast that he has reduced the uninhabitable houses to 70 per cent. The 400,000 inhabitants now live crammed into less damaged houses that have been repaired on the outskirts. The streets were crowded with trudging people. Children with the familiar square German knapsacks on their backs, going to school where they get a meal. Women carrying bags or pulling little home-made carts, threading their way through the mountainous rubble which they have cleared off the carriage-way with their naked hands. Outside the ruins of the station a queue of, I suppose, somewhere between 1,000 and 2,000 people patiently waited. A train, probably made up of open trucks, would arrive. They would somehow or other cling on to it, getting off at one country station after another, returning at the end of the day, having exchanged some oddment of personal value for perhaps two potatoes. So far they show less signs of famine than one would expect. In February the infant mortality rate was 17 per cent., and the figures for tuberculosis, influenza and other diseases were mounting. Germans employed by the British have a habit of fainting at work; only if they are actually employed on the staff do they get an extra bowl of soup. Works foremen agree that workers are too weak to do much after 12 o'clock.

* * *

Recently at the revived University of Göttingen, I am told that a petition was sent by the students to the British authorities asking them to "permit familiarity between the male and female students as soon as the room is available." This I take it was a request for a mixed Common Room!

KINGSLEY MARTIN

(To be continued)

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to S. D. M. Robertson.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

A six-feet model of Sir Ben Smith in pigeon feathers will be on show in Regent Street during London's Victory Week. It is being exhibited in connection with the feather ornament industry. —*Sunday Express.*

Further, you should, in your own interests, report any events which may lead to an increase in your family allowances.—Leaflet Fam. I, Ministry of National Insurance.

A " grave " picture of the implications of a State hospital service was drawn yesterday by Mr. J. W. A. Earle, chairman, at the annual meeting of the committee of management of the Manchester Northern Hospital. The inevitable purpose of such a hospital, he said, must be to restore to health in order to take part in the world's affairs—a merely material purpose.—Report in *Manchester Guardian.*

In pursuance of the Sunday ban on darts in public houses, Sheffield police yesterday paid surprise visits to houses, and in one case a game of darts in progress was immediately stopped.—*Sheffield Star.*

". . . I happened to be occupying a seat close to the Royal Box. If the troubled soul of the tragic Wilde has any contact with this world, it must have been soothed by the spontaneous and delighted laughter of their Majesties and the Princesses."—Beverley Baxter reviewing " The Importance of Being Earnest."—*Evening Standard.*

I have not joined any party or clique, but am coming forward as a Conservative—a true blue.—From an election address in E. Yorks.

THE HUNGRY 'FORTIES

Plague follows famine as want follows war,
Whose toll of death outstrips all wars combined;
So we for charity deplete our store
(Self-preservation makes men wondrous kind)
But yet we marvel others do no more,
Why regions of abundance lag behind,
Why farmers haggle and why peasants hoard,
When sacrifice would bring its own reward.

Why, long foreseen, must hunger win the race?
Was not provision ample at the start?
The squandered harvests earth cannot replace,
The little left is still withheld in part;
So liberation turns a stony face
And charity a dehydrated heart,
For not one tithe of aid can we provide
Till mercenary greed is satisfied.

Why must men starve when there was bread for all?
Because next famine year the price will rise,
Because in Buenos Aires and Bengal
The food of life is merely merchandise.
Because no panic planning can recall
The corn devoured in Middle Western sties.
The argument of greed is brief but plain—
The price of hogs exceeds the price of grain.

Fear paints the march of world-wide pestilence,
Fear propagates a charitable creed,
The shadow of relentless consequence
Makes common prudence of relieving need,
But timely promptings of benevolence
Move not the soul nor reach the ear of greed.
Greed keeps its clutch though death itself draw near,
For perfect greed can cast out even fear.

SAGITTARIUS

THE HEALTH CENTRE IDEA

With the strides medicine is making it is possible to hope for a higher standard of national health, if modern knowledge is intelligently employed. Unfortunately, in medicine there is a serious time lag between the acquisition of knowledge and its general application. In order to cut this down the better organisation of the medical profession is essential. Now at last we have a National Health Service Bill which envisages a national medical service with far-reaching changes in the organisation and administration of medical practice. If successful, the new scheme must bring with it better conditions for doctors and public alike. It is only with better conditions that modern medicine can be properly applied. A simple extension of the present system of practice will not give us a satisfactory application of medical knowledge as it exists to-day. No one knows this better than the doctors themselves. All the talk of " family doctor " and " personal choice " comes from older men living in the past and content with a dictatorial position in their limited sphere. It is not individual but team work that is required.

The new Bill lays considerable stress on the use of health centres. In spite of all that has been said and written, there is considerable confusion as to what a health centre should be. This confusion is not confined to the lay public. It is equally prevalent among the doctors. Many general practitioners have from the first pictured a health centre as a communal or rather group surgery. Six or eight doctors might combine to share a building somewhat on the lines often used by consultants. Consultants frequently share a waiting room, and have their own office and examination room. There is a receptionist and housekeeper in common, but each will have his own nurse-secretary. Many general practitioners, however, are such individualists that they may even object to a waiting room in common, since it permits patients to gossip and make undesirable comparisons. They cannot envisage sharing their consulting rooms with others at different hours. They want, in fact, a private suite provided in a central building, staffed in common, and with a dispensary, central office, and small operating theatre for minor surgery.

Such an arrangement has much to recommend it. It leaves the doctor's home free from panel patients. Calls would come to the centre and all ambulatory patients would go there. The convenience of the dispensing and other arrangements are obvious. It also allows an immediate differentiation of private and public practice. Fee-paying patients could go to the doctor's private house, and their requests for visits would be dealt with there. Such patients obtain their medicines from chemists. This aspect is seldom broadcast.

To what extent the local authorities will provide this type of centre remains to be seen. The cost would be substantial and it is only reasonable that it should be borne by the public. The present arrangement imposes too great a burden on the doctors, with the result that the public suffers. Panel patients too often are crowded into small, cold and often unhygienic waiting rooms, and consulting rooms have few facilities. It is difficult to believe, however, that quite so much individual convenience will be supplied from public funds. Waiting rooms in common and consulting rooms which can be shared seem only reasonable. From the patients' point of view there are many advantages in these communal surgeries. Disadvantage would result if the centres were too far from the homes, so each centre should serve a comparatively small area.

Such centres, provided they also include certain treatment clinics, such as orthopaedic, eye, ear, nose and throat, and skin clinics, would prove of the greatest value to patients, avoiding time-wasting and exhausting attendance at crowded and distant out-patient departments. It is easier and wiser to bring specialists to outlying clinics than to take numbers of patients to a central clinic.

The local authorities, in considering health centres, have something very different in mind. They naturally think of a combination of their various health clinics under one roof with the idea of reducing building and administrative costs. The new Bill encourages this point of view, perhaps over-emphasises it. It is as well to remember the differing needs of the sick and well. Let us consider these clinics. The largest and most regularly attended are the maternity and child welfare clinics, highly specialised now and requiring a large staff. In an area with a child population, under five, of 4,000, these clinics require the full-time use of premises. Smaller numbers will free rooms on certain days. These can then be used for other suitable clinics. The number of Maternity and Child Welfare Centres must vary, depending in part on the density of the population, but also on the fact that there should be one within a reasonable distance of every home. In towns a mile is a reasonable distance, so that a centre will deal with a circle of considerable size. Such an area, while suitable for school clinics, dental clinics, and others, is too large for a single health centre of the surgery type. A combined health centre requires varying kinds of accommodation, while the surgery type is built to deal with the individual rather than with the group. Both kinds are required, keeping in mind that the latter must number three to four of the former.

There is a broad distinction which can be used in dividing premises. Those activities which are mainly educational, preventive or corrective can be separated from those concerned with acute or chronic disease. This would appear to be a simple and, on the whole, satisfactory separation. Communal Surgeries would be in the second group.

The Peckham Health Centre is a specialised form. This is a community centre used for health and research. Such an institution offers opportunities of great value, and is now rousing much interest. The idea the centre embodies of considering the family as a whole may prove fundamental and should not be lost sight of. There can be no doubt of the importance of community centres, and one must hope that many will be established, particularly in areas where there are few social amenities. But it is difficult to combine in one building social activities and extensive health work, though both might well be established in the same grounds. We might have health and culture centres in groups of buildings, including libraries and art galleries, with swimming baths and dance halls, the whole forming a community centre. The use of temporary buildings should obviate delay in establishing centres, till the cost of building permanent structures is reduced. This would permit experiments in planning. The local authorities have staffs accustomed to planning and working clinics. It is for them to prepare schemes now.

We can rely on the doctors using suitable premises if these are made available. What doctor's wife would not welcome the removal of patients from her home? Properly equipped and staffed premises would help general practitioners, whatever form general practice takes in the future. Better organisation would probably show that the number of doctors normally available is sufficient for better work, as well as giving time for reading and recreation. The use of medical technicians would save medical personnel for their real work, but technicians cannot be used economically except at properly organised centres. Health visitors, nurses, dispensers, masseuses, and clerks are all required at the centre itself, but there must be close co-operation with the hospital to which every health centre should be linked. This would give the necessary backing of X-ray department, biochemical laboratory and so forth. Through the health centre consultants could be brought to patients; but, where necessary,

patients would go for investigation to central premises. A successful plan requires a group of local centres co-operating with a central hospital. With adequate transport arrangements this is quite practicable in rural, as well as urban, districts. The lack of facilities in rural areas is due not to remoteness but to lack of efficiency.

These are not Utopian suggestions. Amsterdam in the early Twenties had already begun establishing district health centres and co-ordinating them with hospitals. Starting later, it would be possible for us greatly to improve on the Dutch plan, and on other similar efforts, which have often been too drab and mean in conception. Light, space and beauty should be looked for in our health centres.

"MEDICAL OFFICER"

INJUSTICE IN ITALY

[The writer, Captain Ian Reid, late of the Black Watch, was wounded and captured in Tunisia whilst serving with the 51st Highland Division of the Eighth Army. After the Italian Armistice, he escaped from an officers' camp near Modena in Northern Italy. From September, 1943 to June, 1944, he lived amongst the peasants, who treated him with great generosity and kindness. During this period he was recaptured on three separate occasions, but each time succeeded in escaping again. After his fourth escape, from a transit camp at Mantua, he walked to within about fifty miles of the Swiss border, only to be recaptured by Mussolini's Fascist Republicans, men who had fought for Franco in Spain. This time he was sent to Germany. In March, 1945, when the Germans started to march their prisoners East, away from the Allied advance, he escaped once more. On April 2nd he succeeded in joining up with the American 9th Army. He has recently completed a book about his experiences which he hopes to publish shortly.]

ON November 23rd, 1943, after one recapture and two escapes, I reached a village near the Rome-Pescara road, called Vivaro Romano. (About three weeks previously, I had joined up with an Australian sergeant called Claude Turner.) Here we were strongly advised not to try to pass the front, which was then firmly stabilised at Cassino. There were several feet of snow on the mountains, and the peasants, farther south, were on the verge of starvation. A simple and kindly old man called Angelo Cerini offered us shelter.

We stayed with that family for nearly two months, during which time they looked after us with quite exceptional selflessness and generosity. They risked their lives in doing so. On December 27th we were again recaptured in another village, where we had gone in search of money and civilian clothes for other ex-P.o.W.s. A week later, we escaped again, stole two bicycles and returned to Vivaro.

The majority of the inhabitants were so hospitable and pro-Allied that, by this time, about thirty ex-prisoners were living in and around the village. But there were also four or five ex-Fascists—up to now they had been too frightened to act—who eventually betrayed our presence to the Germans. At dawn on January 16th the village was surrounded, and raided. Turner and I had made ourselves a secret hiding place, to be used in the event of such an emergency, and we were not found. But twenty-three prisoners, who tried to dodge through the German cordon, were recaptured, one Italian was shot, and harsh reprisals were taken against the village. The Germans knew that we had been living with Cerini—they turned his house upside down, fortunately found no trace of our presence there, and thus did not shoot him. For the next four months, however, he was mercilessly persecuted by the Germans, and even more so by the Fascists.

After the raid, Turner and I were, of course, forced to quit Vivaro. Eventually some peasants found us a shack in the mountains and provided us with food. It was here that we first met Renzo Gulizia, a young Sicilian of 21, who was a member of the Committee of Liberation, and who had taught himself English. His father was a poet and writer who had been exiled by Mussolini. He was anxious to organise a partisan armed band and asked us to join him. We agreed. By the beginning of April 1944, Renzo had "acquired" some grenades and small arms ammunition, which he asked us to keep in our hut. He had also been busy in other directions. A British private ex-P.o.W. had developed an acute appendicitis and there were no local surgeons. Renzo secured a lorry, driven by a man wearing Fascist uniform, and smuggled him into a hospital in German-occupied Rome. He left him in the care of a priest. When the Englishman was convalescent they sent for a hearse, placed him in a coffin and drove him into the Vatican City, where he remained until the Liberation.

But once again we were betrayed, this time by a young student called Cesarino Dal Oglio, who had made unsuccessful efforts to become a member of our armed band. On April 6th, the very day we expected to receive rifles from Rome, eight Germans, headed by Cesarino, who was dressed in a German greatcoat and tin hat, swooped down on our shack in the mountains. Through no fault of Cesarino's, Renzo was fortunately not captured. He moved to Rome, where he continued his partisan activities until the Liberation. During this time he worked under sentence of death from the Germans.

Turner and I escaped again, from the last German transit camp, north of the Po. We got half-way to Switzerland where we were recaptured by the Fascist Republicans, the most hated men in Italy. This time our abortive attempts to get out again were unavailing, and we were sent to Germany.

I now come to the point of this article. When I got home from Germany in April, 1945, I made a full report to the military authorities about all those Italians who had helped us so courageously, and also about those who were collaborationist and pro-Nazi. That was nearly a year ago.

I have recently received two letters. The first was from Angelo Cerini. He states that all the same Fascists who betrayed us and brought down Nazi hell on Vivaro, are still in control of the village. They are still persecuting Cerini and all those other villagers who used to listen to "Radio Londra," the B.B.C. transmission to Occupied Italy. They even had the impudence to arrest Cerini's son, who fought *for the Allies* in the liberation of Rome, and who tried to denounce these quislings. To crown it all, Angelo asks me not to write to him at Vivaro, as the village postman is one of the Fascists!

The second letter was from Renzo Gulizia. He has received absolutely no recognition for his services to the Allied cause. On the contrary, since he is neither a monarchist nor a member of any political party, he finds himself unable even to secure employment. Cesarino, on the other hand, now calls himself a Christian Democrat, and has found a good job. This Fascist collaborationist has also (believe it or not!) been given the official title of "Chief of the Partisan Armed Band of Tufo" (the village which Renzo, Claude and I intended to make our Headquarters). All Renzo's documents, which proved his allegiance to the Allies, have been stolen from the files of the "Ministry of the Interior." "There are many other 'Christian Democrats' in this Ministry," comments Renzo. He too, made a report to the Allied Commission in which he denounced the Fascists who were responsible for our recapture, and for untold misery to their own people. "The Allied Superior Command didn't want interest about it," he writes, in his rather uncertain but nevertheless descriptive English. He goes on: "you know that I learnt to love England by her literature, and when it elected a Socialist Government I hoped well . . ." He is still hoping.

Renzo is not a Communist. "I do not want orders about my ideas from Moscow," he writes. "My parents educated me to love liberty over all—and now I ask myself: 'Why Allies protect, in Italy, Fascists and collaborationists?' I fear to answer this question."

I fully realise that the Allied Commission have a difficult task to sort out all the evidence, denunciations and counter-denunciations given by Italians after the liberation. But presumably, as I am a British ex-regular officer, with over ten years' service, and as I lived behind the lines in Italy for ten long months, and have no axe to grind, I might be regarded as a reliable witness. I made my first report nearly a year ago. I have since communicated with both the Italian Foreign Office and the Allied Commission in Rome. I have not yet received any acknowledgments.

Part of the responsibility for this situation undoubtedly rests with the Coalition Government of Mr. Churchill. Churchill preferred to co-operate with ex-Fascists, like Badoglio, rather than with the genuine friends of democracy in Italy. But now we have, in England, our first really progressive Government. Even if the high-up military chiefs are averse to "meddling in the internal affairs" of Italy (to quote a Tory M.P. on Franco), could not the Labour Government persuade them to see that elementary justice is done? I dare say they will eventually compensate Angelo Cerini with a few hundred lire, for having sheltered two escaped P.o.W.s for a couple of months. Perhaps they have already done so. But he is much more concerned with the iniquitous political situation in his little village of six hundred souls, ruled over by half a dozen unscrupulous Fascists.

There are many people in Italy like Angelo and Renzo. They have, or had, a great deal of respect and good will towards this country. From practical expediency, if not from a sense of fair play, should not measures be taken to remedy this intolerable state of affairs? If not, I fear that our present policy will have most detrimental effects on future accord between our two countries.

I will end with a quotation from the last letter of Angelo Cerini:

"When will the Fascists be brought to trial? When will justice be done?"

IAN REID

EXTRA! EXTRA!

LONDON holds three thousand of them. They provide the backs that disappear in the half-dark on the screen, the crowds being pushed back by the policemen to make way for the heroine, the faces at the windows of the 'buses in the crowded streets, the voices heard in chorus. Gypsies of the film world, the extras camp with individualistic obstinacy all over London's suburbs, to the annoyance of the transport managers of film companies who have to pick them up between three-thirty and five a.m. They are alleged to be princes of the black market, able to get you ten gallons, a book of coupons, or a key to a flat at any time of day or night. But at the risk of wrecking an illusion, let me say that film extras are unlikely to have these useful, if anti-social, qualities: disappearing backs are not paid for highly enough for the building up of black market goodwill.

Extras fall naturally and somewhat brutally into three classes—the Well Dressed, the Evening Dresses, and the mere Bodies. It must be so, for you could not make up a London crowd of howling beauties, or someone would be sure to say the movies were not Portraying Life. Their pay is 27s. a day within ten miles of Charing Cross, and 1s. 6d. a day more outside that area. If they wear their own evening dress, male or female, they get £1 a day extra. To play on Sundays and Bank Holidays means £2 a day; and overtime—after 9½ hours, including 1½ hours off for refreshment—brings in 3s. an hour up to midnight and 4s. 6d. an hour thereafter. If they talk, they get 10s. a day for under ten words, double for more; and, if in a foreign language, plus 50 per cent. again. Transport is usually provided, but if there is none, they pay only the first 1s. 6d. Meals are also usually supplied from a canteen; if not, they get 2s. 6d. for lunch and 1s. 6d. for tea. If they have to mutilate a moustache or change their hair-do, they get an extra 10s. a

day, and for powdered hair, an extra five bob. If they sing in a crowd, three shillings extra; and to dance in a ballroom, the same as singing.

In the films it never rains but it pours; and to be drenched in that artificially copious rain brings another 10s. If they ride a bicycle, they get five shillings if it belongs to the studio, and ten shillings if they bring their own. And if they "stand-in" for a star, they get five shillings extra for each star they stand-in for. Doubles, who may have to go through hell and highwater for the star, get £2 5s. 6d. a day; and, if a crowd player plays a part in the absence of a star, he gets 50 per cent. of the other man's pay, with a maximum of £10 10s. a day, plus all other fees.

Maybe this is why they are called extras. It is depressing to hear from experts that the average extra makes no more than £3 a week, for theoretically he could earn £18 15s. 6d. in a day. Admittedly the circumstances would be peculiar: he would be in his own evening dress, on his own bicycle, singing eleven words in French with powdered hair and his sideburns shaved off, at three o'clock on a Bank Holiday morning under pouring rain, not having been provided with food or transport (other than his own bicycle) and playing the part of another actor and working as stand-in for six others, eleven miles outside Charing Cross. Fantastic? Perhaps; but note that, for the sake of verisimilitude, I have not made the assumption that he won't be dancing as well.

The people who fix all this are the Film Artists Association, and mainly a Captain A. M. Crickett, aged about sixty, smart and white-haired, who handles an immense queue of extras daily in Beak Street. It could be a fish queue outside his office. There is no known record of a man or woman standing in the queue for haddock and finding himself sitting with a blonde at a night club scene in Denham, but anything can happen in this strange world. Most extras spend two hours a day in the queue, and every quarter of an hour someone puts his head out of the office and says "Nothing to-day. Go home." Every extra believes that this applies to everyone else; they stay on. Their faith is often justified, for there have been times when some producer has telephoned; "Send two hundred Bodies." But many studios like to choose for themselves, and thus you have the remarkable spectacle of a hundred or more gentlemen arriving in full evening dress at nine o'clock in the morning.

The Association has put sense into the business, and a committee sits twice a month to check the clothes and appearance of its members, whose numbers are round two thousand. Nobody can get on a set as an extra without showing the card of membership, which costs 14s. for three months. Many join for three months and then quit. The Association takes five per cent. of the income of its members, whereas other outside agents, who usually specialise, take ten per cent. Among the reforms made by the Association is an attempt to control the use of children in the films. At one time women used to hire their families in the streets, paying the real mothers a small proportion of their earnings. Captain Crickett is frank with his strange brood, telling them there is no guarantee in the business, though *Caesar and Cleopatra* employed hundreds throughout the winter. Most extras have a steady job as well.

The other expert in this business is Archie Wolf, a fabulous character who has run an agency opposite the Garrick Theatre for thirteen years. Wolf is a Gus Chevalier type with a Datas memory. He has three thousand extras on his books and knows them all by their Christian names, and carries nearly a thousand telephone numbers in his head. His office is modest, a fourteen-foot-square ante-room with a hatch and a notice saying "State your business at the hatch and GO," three telephonists and an inner office twelve foot square where Archie averages twenty calls an hour for six hours a day. The calls are brisk, brutal, and brittle, but kind of bitter-sweet, for he is kind to the old variety types and the unfortunate. "That you, Doris?" he says. "Shepperton to-morrow at nine. Same clothes. Good-bye." An old lady comes in, Irish with white hair, and he has a job for her. "How do I get there, Archie?" she says. "When do I start walking?" Archie gives her a ten shilling note for her fare and makes a note of it. There are three notices in his office, one saying "Don't ring my home unless you are told to"; another, "Don't sit about the office as we can't concentrate"; a third, "Pay your commission in three days or no more work."

Nobody has yet been known to shake this man, and when, during my visit, he inadvertently set fire to the waste-paper basket, threatening the end of this entire complicated business, he put it out without missing a call. "You're in Canada to-morrow, so wear a fur coat," he said next on the phone. All the girls can wear fur coats when needed, but not all at the same time. There are groups of extras who buy a fur coat between them, and there are experts who have the gift of dressing smartly, from the misfit tailors and the "Hollywood" shoe shops," on a pittance. True, there have been times when directors have gone slightly crazy at the spectacle of a girl turning up for a night club scene in evening dress and tennis shoes, but they blame Stafford Cripps for that, and never Archie Wolf.

A dim and draughty world this, of dawns and cold sets and shouting directors and canteen meals and incomprehensible demands. Strange that out of this squalor and rampage of hammering carpenters and cigarette stubs on the floor and long delays, there should come occasional sincerity, and some beauty. The extras don't know how or why. They don't know what it's all about. They just look on, chatter and smoke, and pray that one day all the actors will fall down dead and the extras will come into their own.

ROLAND WILD

BALLET

Adam Zero, the new Arthur Bliss ballet at Covent Garden, is exciting to the eye, entertaining to the ear, and a trifle confusing to the intelligence. The curtain rises on the immense cavity of the Covent Garden stage as it might appear during a pause between rehearsals: flats folded away at the side, dancers pirouetting against the bar, wardrobe mistress and dresser fitting a new principal dancer, stage hands and electricians all over the place. A choreographer begins to expound the theme of a new ballet, and as she does so it begins to take shape before our eyes. With splendid visual effect, a vast white backcloth sails slowly across the entire stage; in front of it scenery is pushed on, lighting tried out, and the new principal dancer then enacts the role of Adam Zero.

It is "a ballet within a ballet," and it represents allegorically the cycle of a man's life. Adam Zero falls in love, marries, wins some kind of election, and achieves an apotheosis of power and splendour in terms of pure romantic ballet. At the height of his triumph he is confronted by his "fates" (wardrobe mistress, designer and dresser), who implacably whiten his hair, paint wrinkles upon his face and hand over his finery to a young successor. A painful decline ensues; Adam Zero tries to keep up with a changed world of war, fascism and jitterbuggery; at last, deserted by everyone and everything, on a vast stage now wholly denuded of scenery, and against the same backcloth, now coldly blue, he is snuffed out by the scarlet figure of Death—an impressive moment. The backcloth rolls back, the "backstage" scene reappears, the choreographer completes her tale. She is both the creator and the destroyer of Adam Zero; for it was she who also enacted (within the ballet) his first love, his wife, his mistress, and finally his merciful executioner.

This ambitious ballet asks to be judged by the highest standards, and it must be admitted that it suffers in clarity and simplicity from an excess of material. There is often too much going on at the same time in different parts of the stage, and there are certainly too many strands woven into the texture. It would have been better to drop the political implications, which are so slender that they serve only to distract, while pointing also to a certain confusion of planes: there are times when the central figure seems to represent an ordinary citizen, others at which he becomes simply an ageing ballet-dancer. But, considered as a piece of theatrical contrivance, the piece is immensely effective. Roger Furse's decor is highly imaginative, and the realisation of its complicated patterns reflected great credit on the stage management of the theatre. Arthur Bliss's score is in his most vital and energetic vein; he has made himself into a capital ballet composer. June Brae scored a multiple success in the successive manifestations of her role; while for Robert Helpmann both as choreographer and principal, the evening was a personal triumph. As though to avoid any complaint about the absence of real dancing, the programme began with the ever-charming *Patineurs*, which is one of the best things this company does; and it ended with the interpretation of Delius's *Paris* called *Nocturne*, which is beginning to wilt a little with the years.

By a curious coincidence the principal new ballet presented by the Ballets des Champs Elysées at the Adelphi also offered what used to be known in Victorian days as "a peep behind the scenes." *Les Forains* is less ambitious, but more successful, than *Adam Zero*. A poor little troop of circus folk arrive, set up their tent, lackadaisically practise their turns, give to an apathetic audience a performance which flowers into a brief moment of beauty and significance, take round the hat, and relapse once more into the weariness of routine. There is no attempt at profundity, but somehow an effect of true pathos, akin to the mood of Picasso's circus canvases, is achieved; *Les Forains* is a little work of art. The simplicity and distinction of Bérard's decor contribute much to the effect, and so does the music of Henri Sauguet, a most ingenious paraphrase on the mechanical music of the circus roundabout: I can still hear the tired, haunting little hurdy-gurdy waltz which began and ended the piece. It is greatly to be hoped that this happy collaboration between Boris Kochno (Artistic Director) and Roland Petit (Maître de Ballet) will be the first of many. Nothing else in the company's first programme was so good as *Les Forains*, but everything looked unfailingly elegant, and there was some good dancing, especially by Roland Petit himself, by Irène Skorik, and by Jean Babilée, without whose meteoric Joker Stravinsky's *Jeu de Cartes* might have fallen very flat. There is something all too appropriate in the choice of a game of poker as a subject by a composer whose music has become so rigidly poker-faced. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

Return Journey. The latest programme in this most interesting, but technically very tricky, series proved the best so far. I cannot say I think Rosamond and John Lehmann scored a complete triumph over the inherent difficulties, but their approach at any rate was the right one, and that is half the battle in compositions of this kind. The essence of early memories, if they are agreeable ones, is not dramatic but lyrical; and to convey these delicate, opalescent, Proustian effects requires a surface as broken as that of a kaleidoscope. The stuff of radio must be stretched to breaking point; and then it is easy to put your foot through. Too sane, too factual an approach makes dull autobiography: the view must at all costs be lent enchantment. And it will not do simply to exclaim: "*Do* you remember the blackberries?" We all remember the blackberries, but that is hardly the point. The double memory of a brother and sister was a distinct advantage in this programme, because the exchange at once created its own form of drama and made it unnecessary for the Lehmanns to dig about in their memories for some small event that could be made to appear dramatic enough to provide a climax to the broadcast. Their evocation, then, of Totland Bay in 1914 achieved clear pictorial outlines, softly coloured by poetic imagination. And the ghost of Tennyson at Farringford was, of course, a godsend which they were perfectly right not to resist. But the possibilities of this series are still far from exhausted, and one may hope for further and more daring experiments.

The Man from Belsen. It is well that the world

should from time to time continue to be reminded of the unqualifiable horror and tragedy of this hell-on-earth, where the mad ruled supreme over the sane. I am not sure that dramatic treatment really suits the subject just at present: it is a question of distance. But Leonard Cottrell's production cannot be accused of bad taste, and Mr. Le Druillenec—the "man from Belsen"—held an admirable cast together by the simple sincerity of his voice and narrative. Esmé Percy must be congratulated on his unflinching performance in a part which any actor might be excused for refusing to undertake.

Hamlet. It might be better to draw a veil over this unfortunate production, if one could feel at all certain that Drama department would never "do it again." It can be freely admitted that Mr. Howard Rose knows all there is to know about the technics of radio production; but where Shakespeare is concerned this is far from being enough. Eccentric casting, if it is to succeed, must also be clever. This was—well, not clever. Why elect to burden an averagely competent film hero with the most complicated virtuoso part ever written for an actor? And then allow him to mispronounce so many words ("moods" for "modes," "sullied" for "solid," "sayter" for "satyr," and so on?) Why employ a Claudius who cannot convey a sinister impression? Why—but enough! Performances like this give hostages to those who think that Shakespeare should be *read* over the air, instead of acted: a counsel of despair which there should be no need to accept.

I wonder how many listeners were as delighted as I was to hear Mr. Nigel Balchin single out John Donne as the historical figure with whom he would most like to spend a week's holiday; the object being to discover "how he got from point A to point B"—from profane to sacred love. Here was the really intelligent and illuminating answer to a very difficult question. It is to be hoped that those who "cast" the Brains Trust will have spotted Mr. Balchin.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*April 21st*. Tatiana Makushina (10.15 a.m.); Eldorado (Heppenstall, 7 p.m.).

Easter Monday. Concert (7.15 p.m.); César Franck Quintet (11.20 p.m.).

Tuesday, April 23rd. Concert Hour (L.P. 12.45 p.m.); 17th-Century Music (1.40 p.m.); Gogol (11.3 p.m.).

Wednesday, April 24th. John Ireland Recital (1.15 p.m.); Symphony Concert (7 p.m.).

Thursday, April 25th. Plain English (L.P. 3 p.m.); Circus (L.P., 8.30); One for All (11.3 p.m.).

Friday, April 26th. Schubert and Brahms Concert (7.15 p.m.); John Brown's Body (9.30 p.m.).

Saturday, April 27th. Symphony Concert (2.15 p.m.).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"Portrait of Maria," at the Ritz
"You Only Live Once," at the London Pavilion

The second of M.G.M.'s "international films" (*The Last Chance* was the first) takes us to Mexico. There are few places more rewarding to the camera. Sunlight, water, clouds and trees ravish the eye weary of sets and technicolor: compare the background of *Portrait of Maria* with that, say, of *The Corn is Green* and it becomes a foreground, which one would be willing to enjoy even if it were without human figures. As a matter of fact the story, and Maria herself (Dolores del Rio), fit the landscape admirably. This may not be quite so spell-binding a piece as *The Forgotten Village* (to which it owes something), but if the realistic tensions of the earlier film have been missed, its somewhat smug moral is avoided also. *Portrait of Maria* is a peculiarly happy product of the fictional documentary, and its director, Emilio Fernandez, exploits beautifully the threatening movements in this most tranquil of landscapes: the boats paddling nearer, for example, to bar the way of the flower-seller, and the final hue and cry with torches and a stoning outside the prison. The all-Mexican caste seems perfectly in character. American voices unfortunately have been dubbed in, so that the (presumably) simple speech of the original is degraded to talkie *patois* of the usual "Say-you-can't-do-that-to-me" order. One gets used to this after a while, but it's a pity.

The latest revival is Fritz Lang's *You Only Live Once* (1937). Its melodrama dates at times, especially in its more sentimental throes, but Henry Fonda's performance as an ex-convict remains remarkable. In the use of light and shade, and of occasional silence, *You Only Live Once* could provide lessons to-day.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE LONG MIRROR

The admirable and avowed object of the New Lindsey Theatre Club is "an endeavour to avoid revivals" and to produce "vital plays from the pens of modern writers." Mr. Priestley's play *The Long Mirror* was written for the Oxford Rep. in 1940 and this production was followed by a long provincial tour. But it has never been seen in London. It is possible that the Lindsey Theatre will not be large enough to hold all the serious followers of our drama who will want to see this moving and important play: but I doubt it. Watching the little impatiences of the audience last Monday, I realised how we had grown to accept as "theatre" the convention of war-time plays, with their short sequences, quick cutting, and laughs in every line. *The Long Mirror* is packed with action, although not one fatal telegram is received, nor one straight left given. In a play of this kind, where the chief characters speak from their deeper selves, and the contest is person versus person instead of mannerism versus mannerism, the extent of the action depends not on its breadth but on its depth.

Summarising the theme of this play is like trying to make a neat parcel of the Welsh mist which lies, as we are made to feel so clearly, outside the windows of the small hotel where the action takes place. Branwen Elder is a young artist who has the power of knowing the character, the motives, even the events in the lives of other people. But to her the ordinary everyday contact, which can be as misleading and distorted as a reflection in an old mirror, is a handicap rather than a help. Her knowledge comes partly by ancient witchcraft, partly by the modern unexplained wizardry of extra-sensory perception, wholly by an extreme heightening of a power of perception which is latent in all of us. Quickened by love, this faculty enables Branwen to understand better than he knows them himself the difficulties and aspirations in the life of Camber the musician. Yet she is waiting to meet him for the first time. That is the situation, and Camber's wife is the complication.

The extra dimension gives the triangle more than a love interest. Her greater flexibility gives the artist the greater power to suffer. She must make the sacrifice. "Your wife is not really hard and sophisticated and all the other things she's pretended to be. You and I are really ten times harder than she is, just because we have our work, and so we're infinitely more self-contained." All this needs the most sensitive acting. Allowances had to be made for the inadequacy of one of the main characters. In the tiny theatre the performance is under the microscope and must be reduced almost to film dimensions or it will over-register.

In the original production Jean Forbes Robertson played the girl, and remembering the mysterious depths beneath her calm face—thinking back, now, to Pirandello's *As You Desire Me*—she must have been perfect. Miss Joan Miller, after the first act, when she "acted queer" too ostentatiously, allowed the part to come from within her, so that we, and she, were lost in the performance.

STEPHEN POTTER

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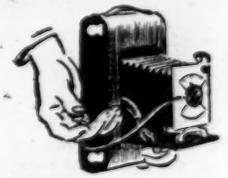

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Correspondence

THE RETURN TO MALAYA

SIR,—Since my return last October from three and a half years of internment in Singapore I have been increasingly bewildered and disappointed by the action and attitude of the Government in Colonial affairs. The forcible unification of the various independent Malay States, not to mention the annexation of Sarawak, can only be interpreted as a preventive, almost a punitive, measure based on the belief that the collapse of Malaya was due to the degree of independence which the Malays enjoyed at that time. It is detested by them, and is in a direct contravention of our agreements with them. It is also politically inept.

Another piece of political folly is sending back the Englishmen who left before capitulation. It cannot be too clearly emphasised that *all* responsibility for *all* important organisation and practical administrative work in Malaya was (and is) in the hands of the English. When faced with the actual imminence of a Japanese victory a great proportion of these responsible persons vanished from the scene without a thought of their responsibilities, or of the fate of colleagues and subordinates, either Asiatic or European. The result was a huge loss of British prestige.

The Japanese occupation left a trail of anti-British feeling, derived mainly from the "Asia for the Asiatics" principle, but at the same time there was strong pro-British feeling and a universal sense of relief when the liberating troops arrived in Malaya last October. The people warmly and enthusiastically welcomed the British forces, and to the liberated internees they showed an unforgettable kindness. They were eager to have us back: we had shared their experiences. But they resented very deeply the return of those who had fled (whom they regarded as deserters), and their reinstatement, sometimes with promotion, in posts of responsibility which they had previously occupied. They nicknamed them Banana Colonels (they all arrived with military rank) by analogy with the Japanese paper currency, which was printed with a design of banana trees.

But the crowning folly is signalling our return to Malaya by the new political scheme. These people deserve every consideration and help from us. They have all suffered enormously from our failure to protect them. The Japanese exploited and mismanaged and bullied everybody, and though they established the fact that Orientals are much more capable of running their own show than we have ever wished to admit, not a soul in the country was sorry to see them go. Why then do we go out of our way to make ourselves unwelcome to these people who have suffered so terribly under the Japanese? Young Chinese men were massacred in hundreds after the fall of Singapore. Thousands of Chinese and Tamils perished with our troops in the construction of the Thailand railway, and any P.o.W. will tell you that the sufferings of these coolies were greater than his own.

To-day there is hunger, disease and unrest. The people have seen the essential services maintained by Asiatics for some years, and they want to go on having a substantial share in the administration. The Black Market flourishes unbelievably. The British Military Administration was nicknamed the Black Market Association. Revolvers are openly sold in the Black Market. Hold-ups and daylight robberies are common. I quote all these facts from letters received from local inhabitants in Malaya during the last few weeks. We cannot blink the fact that we are responsible for its present condition and for its sufferings during the past few years. It behoves us to treat these people with sympathy and wisdom and a genuine intention of promoting their real welfare, as they understood it. Otherwise nothing can prevent Malaya from going the way India has gone, and in the same spirit.

EX-INTERNEE

SIR,—It is hard to understand the opposition, especially from progressive circles, to the proposals for a Malayan Union. Malaya before the war was a system of separate States which succeeded in depriving Malay Sultans and their peoples of the substance of independence, while perpetuating disunity in Malaya by shadowy divisions and unreal sovereignties. It is hypocrisy to object to the proposals on the ground that they curtail the "sovereignty" of the Sultans. How much sovereignty did the Sultan of Selangor enjoy when his succession was decided for him by Resident Adams, and when his appeal to the King was turned down and the Resident's decision upheld? It is true that the new proposals have been presented to the Sultans with the minimum of tact. It is also true that their concession to representative government is nil. But as a rationalisation of the systems of government in Malaya the scheme represents a step forward. The unity of Malaya, even if it be a unity under uniform and open direct rule, is an absolute prerequisite of real self-government.

The scheme will have repercussions on race relations in Malaya even more far-reaching than the constitutional effects. Half the trouble is over this. The scheme grants full citizenship rights to Malayan Chinese, something they had been persistently denied in pre-war Malaya. With the Malays and many British officials this is understandably unpopular, and this act of elementary justice to the Chinese is represented as a betrayal of the Malays, the Rulers, and British promises to the Rulers. Ex-Governors thunder against the suggestion that a man born and resident in Malaya should actually enjoy Malayan citizenship.

It is difficult to know what alternative policy they have in mind. The conditions of Malayan citizenship are conditions on which most civilised States are prepared to grant full civil rights. Do the Governors propose, then, that Malaya alone should maintain her citizenship on a (Malay) racial basis, and that the Malayan Chinese should be permanently disfranchised in a country which is their home, where they play a pre-eminent part in public life, and where they actually outnumber the Malays? Such a policy is not practicable, even if it were just. The fact must be faced that Malaya is the home of two races, and the Chinese claim to equal citizenship cannot be denied much longer in the interests of Malay nationalism.

The objections of the traditionalists to the proposed Union and the "enfranchisement" of the Chinese have, however, some rational basis. Centralisation under British control has so far meant increasing high-speed commercial and industrial development and "plantation" agriculture, pushed by European and Chinese business interests and blessed by the Government. In this high-pressure development, carried out without the slightest regard for real social and economic needs, the Unfederated States remained strongholds of Malay peasant life. There are many who fear that the disappearance of the Unfederated States will mean the dispossession of the Malay peasantry and smallholders and the breakdown of Malay society under the pressure of big-time industrial and commercial development and the influx of Chinese.

There is a great deal, unfortunately, in that fear. If Malayan union is unaccompanied by social and industrial planning, it would merely mean the untrammelled spread of that sweated industry and sweated agriculture which has already disfigured the social and economic life of the Federated States. For the Malays it would mean the disintegration of their rural society; the best they could hope for would be a twilight existence on reservations in their own land. And it would mean the continuance of poverty and misery for the mass of the Chinese as well. In an agricultural and industrial free-for-all there are no winners except the rich. The native States must not go so that the crofts may be replaced by

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rubber plantations (headquarters in London or Singapore) and the villages by coolie lines. That would not be progress, though European and Chinese business-men might call it such. An experiment which leads to the break-up of a coherent society and its replacement by the social anarchy which is the curse of the West, can be called many things, but it cannot be called an experiment in human improvement. It is not to the interest of the Malays, Chinese or anyone else that a Malayan community should be asked to choose between slave-labour on mines and plantations, or extinction.

EMILY SADKA.

105 Fellows Road,
London, N.W.3.

SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY

SIR,—Mr. Robert Boothby, in a letter published in your issue of March 23rd, writes: "The underlying struggle in Europe to-day is no longer between Socialism and Capitalism, but between Social Democracy and Communism."

The conflict between these two political philosophies is certainly a fact. But surely it is misleading to suggest that it is the only, or the fundamental, conflict. They both have a common enemy which we can label comprehensively "reaction"; and a common enemy implies, at least in some degree, a community of aim. Stated in the relatively simple terms of war, the common aim was achieved in military alliance. But the ends of the war cannot be said to have been gained until the military victory in Europe has been followed by securely consolidated political victories all over Europe. Until these are won, the common enemy is still very much alive; and in the cause of his defeat, the extreme and the moderate Left have each a legitimate sphere of political action. Instead of panicking into "blocs" to make as large an area as possible secure for Social Democracy, it might be better to try to determine what these spheres respectively are.

In this connection the fundamental distinction in Europe to-day lies between those States in which the Fascist counter-revolutionary forces never attained significance; and those in which they were successful, either to the point of achieving full political power, or to the extent of undermining the foundations of political stability. In the former States, of which Great Britain, Sweden and Holland are perhaps the outstanding examples, political stability was not imperilled; the unity of society was not destroyed; the conflict of classes never became overt or endemic; consent remained the ultimate basis of political action. The decencies in fact, were, maintained: the forces of cohesion were in the end stronger than those of disunity. In such States it is still possible to achieve Democratic Socialism by the way of Social Democracy. The dissolution of a class can proceed without pain or outrage; and the class to be dissolved can remain vocal and comfortable to the end.

But it is sheer blindness to postulate these conditions in States in which they do not exist. Where the fundamental social unity which is the basis of our form of democratic government is gone, we may lament its departure; but it is useless to argue, and dangerous to act, as if it were still there. There are States in Europe in which the conditions of successful Social Democracy have never existed; there are others in which, if they once existed, they have since been destroyed. The ancient Communist habit of calling the Social Democrats the enemies of the working-class has, in these States, its grim and deplorable justification. In such countries the Communists offer to the Left a rigid discipline, and an utter refusal, since concessions invite destruction, to compromise with reaction. These, especially the latter, are the qualities which are required in a society where the foundations of consent have disappeared; they cannot be provided by Social Democracy, of which the ideal essence is advance through a progression of compromise.

Of course, there are borderline cases—States of which it cannot be said with certainty that the Social Democratic way is possible or not. If it is possible, it is, most of us think, preferable: not only in itself, but because it is less likely to arouse the hostility of a nakedly capitalist America and of a partly-Social-Democratic Britain.

Nevertheless, the distinction remains. Rightly considered, it should be the foundation, not of conflict between Communism and Social Democracy, but of their co-operation against the common enemy, reaction. It is the failure to understand the distinction, and its implications, which is turning some of our Social Democrats into the agents of that enemy. Does Mr. Boothby (or Mr. Bevin) really think that, in Greece, the "underlying struggle" is between Communisn and Social Democracy? Mr. Boothby is not sure whether he is thinking in terms of political philosophies or geographical areas; with the result that he sadly confuses the very real and important relations between the two.

P. F. STRAWSON

SIR,—As Mr. Zilliacus says, the fate of Europe—and of all else—depends ultimately on the relations between the principal victors. Neither an Anglo-American alliance, nor a Western Bloc, nor any combination of the two would be a satisfactory substitute for "Big Three" co-operation. If co-operation failed, some such strategic grouping would inevitably arise, but at best it would give us an uneasy armed peace.

Yet what is the alternative? Mr. Zilliacus urges the Labour Government to base its European policy on the Anglo-Soviet alliance. He says, "If we play ball with the Russians, they will play ball with us."

What ball-game are we to play? The Russian Communists stand for one-party dictatorship, the ruthless extinction of all opposition, the regimentation of minds and the withholding of knowledge. Like all Communists, they have shown themselves to be devoid of political scruple. Their pledged word has no value. They have a totally different conception from ourselves of the dignity and rights of the individual. In all the countries where their writ runs, their ugly standards are imposed.

Everybody knows that we could co-operate with Russia on the Kremlin's terms—but who wants to, except Mr. Zilliacus and the Communists? On any other terms, the Russians have so far shown no desire to co-operate whatever.

Mr. Zilliacus would have us believe that Social Democracy and Communism are two facets of the same Left-wing movement, and that they can work together on a compromise basis. In fact, experience suggests that they have next to nothing in common, that they are at two political extremes, and that in the end only one is likely to survive. If, at home, British Socialists allow the Communists, like the cuckoo, to lay their eggs in the Socialist nest, and if, abroad, they agree to work "hand in hand" with the Communists, then I believe that Social Democracy will die. And Britain will achieve an understanding with Russia at the expense of all the things in which it believes.

Whatever Continental Social Democracy has been in the past, British Socialism is certainly not "spineless" now. It has the chance to give a strong lead to Social Democrats on the Continent, and by its encouragement and successful example to breathe new political life into their movement. The influence of Communism may then recede eastwards. But the hope will be diminished if assiduous "burrowers", like Mr. Zilliacus succeed in persuading the British Labour Party that Communists are friends and not enemies.

PAUL WINTERTON

SIR,—In his letter, published in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of Saturday, April 13th, Mr. Zilliacus accuses the British Ambassador in Warsaw of subjecting Mr. Mikolajczyk "to every kind of pressure and persuasion to break with the Government

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coalition and to make an independent bid for power in the election."

Every single word of this monstrous accusation is contrary to truth.

The Ambassador neither pressed nor persuaded Mr. Mikolajczyk.

Mr. Mikolajczyk is a democrat and therefore needed no persuasion to stand for free and unfettered elections.

Mr. Mikolajczyk never intended to break with the coalition. On the contrary, he and the peasant party want this coalition to carry on after the elections. What Mr. Mikolajczyk rejected is the proposition of the Communists and their friends to exclude free party competition and to present the electorate with one single list, like in Totalitarian States.

Mr. Mikolajczyk's "reactionary right wing" exists only in Mr. Zilliacus' imagination. His Communist friends may have told him so, but that was just "propaganda"; all totalitarians consider any propaganda right if it serves their cause.

The Labour Members of Parliament, who recently visited Poland, have certainly done a great harm to the cause of democracy and freedom and Socialism with their ill-advised remarks favouring a single bloc election. In spite of their report, Polish democrats continue to believe in the ideals of British Labour.

275 The White House, Albany Street, N.W.1. ADAM ROMER

MIHAILOVICH

SIR,—May I raise a small voice on behalf of an almost certainly lost cause?

Mihailovich may, as you say, have worked with Italian Fascists. My evidence does not support this view.

But it is definitely untrue to say that he did not fight the Germans except in the first weeks.

I landed just north of Cattara in August, 1943, and joined Mihailovich two weeks later. From then onwards until January, 1945, I was with the General himself or with his staff every single day of that period. We certainly fought the Germans. Three of my party of six still lie in the hills above Uzitze. On no occasion did we co-operate with the Fascists, either German or Italian.

I believe photographs of the posters offering rewards for both Tito and Mihailovich have appeared in the press at home here. I have one of the actual posters, taken down from a warehouse wall where it was put by the Germans in December, 1945. It is dated November 12th, 1945.

L. J. HARPER
(Late Lt.-Commander, R.N.V.R.)

BACKGROUND TO MUTINY

SIR,—In Mr. Brailsford's valuable article "Background to Mutiny" there occur one or two misstatements, or so it seems to one who was in Bombay throughout the disturbances.

To begin with, romantic sympathy with the sailors may have played a part in the hartal; but the biggest reason was the hard fact that British cruisers were racing to Bombay, Admiral Godfrey had threatened the "destruction of the Indian Navy," and the Naval Strike Committee appealed to the workers to prevent a floating Amritsar in Bombay harbour. Add to this the cordoning off of the strikers from the shore establishments in Castle Barracks, without food or water and besieged by Royal Marines who fired whenever a sailor came out for a drink of water.

Secondly, the rioting and looting on the part of the hooligans and goondas (who have shown themselves lately ready to attack a police station one day and a Communist office the next, according to who is providing the money and alcohol) must be clearly distinguished from the peaceful strike and processions which were punished by indiscriminate military terror, details of which I saw with my own eyes, but won't take up your space because they have been described elsewhere. This wanton shooting down of the strikers and their families took place as far from the looting as Wapping is from Piccadilly. In Parel, the mill district, there was no looting because there is nothing worth looting, and no attacks on Europeans because Europeans don't go there (I went there and saw it all, but that is just bad luck for the burra sahibs). The figures speak for themselves. On February 22nd, there were 98 dead. Fifty were in Parel, mostly in one hospital, the King Edward Memorial. The other 48 were in all the rest of Bombay, including the hooligan attacks on food shops and the Castle Barracks siege.

Finally, about "Communist instigation." This phrase is always a handy way to cover the real causes of any event; but I know Mr. Brailsford, who admirably describes the real causes, is using it honestly, and, not to beat about the bush, everyone knows that the Communists called the hartal. The point, however, is that the workers, who were divided between Congress and Communism, now feel that the Communists alone stood by the RIN, and that Nehru and Patel, by their vain attempt to prevent the hartal (it was 100 per cent. solid) were exhibiting not "moral authority," but a stab in the back. This goes far to explain the surprise Communist victories—surprise to Congress, anyway—in the elections for the textile and railway labour seats in the Bombay Legislative Assembly.

Mr. Brailsford's analysis of the economic factors leading to the possible blood-bath of the coming summer is masterly. But economic factors are not the whole story. We've had enough blood-bath to go on with already in Bombay. The responsibility lies squarely on the British commanders, military and naval. Why did they do it? I am chary of attributing Machiavellian motives to men who were probably as scared and impulsive as General Dyer, but if they had wanted to create the worst possible atmosphere for the Cabinet mission to reach a satisfactory settlement, they could not have acted differently. Of course, if our Socialist Government is going to put up with this sort of thing, so much the worse for them and for their reputation in India.

I append my name and sign myself,

EYE-WITNESS

DOCTORS AND THE PUBLIC

SIR,—The doctors and Approved Societies, who are working so hard to turn the new Insurance Act to their own purposes, might be surprised if they had to stand in the position of contributors who have to pay for these things. As panel patients my children have to wait hours in a crowded surgery for attention, while the private patient goes in and by-passes the surgery, although the "treatment" is the same, viz., a hasty confab and a bottle of medicine. Doctors are overworked, of course, but are they doing anything to admit more doctors? What the Approved Societies do for their rake-off I have never been able to see. Agents are changed so often that patients cannot keep pace with them. In any case, application for benefit is, in the cases I know, always turned down. I have had five children in various Approved Societies, and not one has ever been able to get dental or optical benefit; and sick pay is not worth the trouble of trying to get. They are all healthy young people, and do not require very much treatment, and they have been in the Services for years, which must have been a saving for the doctors and Societies, whom I allege have been the chief beneficiaries under the Insurance Acts, and intend to remain so.

16 Myddleton Road, N.22. E. R. COLLYER

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SIR,—In his review of my last book Mr. Balogh describes me as a crusader for *laissez faire* economics. This is curious since in my book I have violently criticised *laissez faire*.

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MICHAEL POLANYI
Manchester.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

"YET in an infinite number of reviews and *comptes rendus* of the literature of the world that I have read—and written—George Moore was almost invariably forgotten." The writer is Ford Madox Ford in 1934. If one struck out Moore's name and substituted Ford's the generalisation would remain true. Few men crop up so frequently in the pages of the memoirists of the Edwardian period and the Twenties, but it is always Ford the brilliant impresario of the arts who is remembered. Perhaps his claims to remembrance are too bewilderingly many: the grandson of Ford Madox Brown, the cousin of the Rossettis, Watts-Dunton's ward, Conrad's collaborator, Henry James's *ce jeune homme modeste*, editor of *The English Review*, discoverer of Lawrence, Wyndham Lewis, Norman Douglas, associate of Pound and Joyce. He died in 1939 at the age of sixty-six, too young to be a grand old man; he remains in one's mind always *in statu pupillari*, to James, Conrad, Hudson and Crane, to every advanced movement as it came along. The impresario is rarely taken seriously; his very enthusiasms—and Ford's life was a series of enthusiams for other people's work—distract attention from the man himself to the subjects of his enthusiasms. Yet it was as a novelist, and an important novelist at that, that Ford saw himself. He had not had tea daily with James for months on end and lived in close intimacy with Conrad for nothing; he had a most un-English passion for the novel as an art-form. And one is grateful to Mr. Edwin Muir for sparing him a footnote in his survey of literature between the wars, *The Present Age*: "The best work on the feeling of the period is F. M. Ford's tetralogy." The period is that of the war of 1914-1918, the tetralogy *Some Do Not, No More Parades, A Man Could Stand Up* and *Last Post*, the "Tietjens tetralogy."

But as a descriptive phrase, "the feeling of the period" is vague, and there is more to the tetralogy than Mr. Muir's note might suggest. Before the war of 1914–18 most of Ford's novels had been historical, for instance, the admirable *Fifth Queen* series, but the "Tietjens" books were to be much more ambitious. "I wanted the Novelist in fact to appear in his really proud position as historian of his own time. Proust being dead I could see no one who was doing that . . ." Again, "My subject was the public events of a decade . . . The 'subject' was the world as it culminated in the war." That was 1922; Ford was then nearly fifty; he had been an infantry officer in France for four years; it had seemed that his literary career was ended, but "there is certain literary work to be done." No one else seemed prepared to do it. Ford assumed the responsibility.

Fiction he divided into two classes. On the one hand was the "Nuvvle," commercial fiction, the kind of fiction that he was pleased to believe the English, at any rate before the descent of James and Conrad, had always written. On the other hand, was the Novel—"the rendering of an Affair; of one embroilment, one human coil, one psychological progression. From this the Novel gets its unity . . ." It was the kind of novel he had written with Conrad, the kind of novel the "Old Man" had been writing at Rye a mile away. It was the kind of novel the Tietjens tetralogy was to be.

"For the large work that I might write—the word was still only 'might'—I needed someone, some character, in lasting tribulation—with a permanent shackle and ball on his leg . . . A physical defect it could not be, for if I wrote about that character he would have to go into the trenches. It must be something of a moral order and something inscrutable . . ." The model for that character, the Christopher Tietjens of the novels, was his old partner of the *English Review* days, Marwood, the Marwood who, when it seemed that the *English Review* could not appear because of lack of money, had insisted that it must, in order to print Hardy's poem, "A Sunday Morning Tragedy," which had been refused on the score of immorality by every magazine in England.

Tietjens is a Yorkshire landowner and millionaire on a feudal scale, a civil servant in the Department of Statistics, who could have been Senior Wrangler but so abhorred the notion of competition that he could not be bothered to exert himself. He was, says Ford, "the English Tory." Ford, too, was an English Tory, though a Tory whose allegiance was certainly not to Joseph Chamberlain's Conservative and Unionist Party. "I . . . considered myself," he said, "as belonging, by right of birth, to the governing classes of the artistic and literary worlds." He might just as well have said "governing classes" quite simply. "I acted and spoke to others as if my birth permitted me to meet them as equals. Except for the King and my colonel on parade I did not know that I ever spoke to anyone except on that basis." The note of flamboyance is characteristic, and it is relevant to remember that he was writer partly by accident, partly perhaps by the force of environment; his first choice of career was that of soldier, his second that of civil servant.

"The two young men—they were of the English public official class—sat in the perfectly appointed railway carriage": it is the first sentence of *Some Do Not*. It is the world of the English public official class that he describes in his tetralogy—a world already breaking up, for one of the young men in the perfectly appointed railway carriage is there through brains not family, a lower middle-class careerist from Leith. But for the most part the people in that world, as Ford describes it, are in it from birth, permanent under-secretaries, generals, right-wing publicists; and they are permanent under-secretaries, generals, right-wing publicists, not out of interest, inclination or the desire for money or fame, but simply out of duty. Some, like Mrs. Wannup, the novelist, are very poor; some, like Tietjens, very rich; it makes no difference: they are members of an élite so old that it does not even have to consider itself an élite. The point of view is very much that of Ford himself as a novelist: "Proust being dead I could see no one who was doing that . . ." So one of the themes of the Tietjens book is duty, the observance of a moral code, the code that says without argument: "It isn't done."

The title of the first book, *Some Do Not*, is itself significant. Tietjens' lasting tribulation, his shackle and ball, in his wife, a wanton, whose child may not be his, who deserts him, whom he takes back, who does her best to ruin him throughout his life, does, in fact, ruin him in the eyes of the world. Tietjens will not divorce her because a gentleman does not divorce his wife; she cannot divorce him because she is a Roman Catholic. He is in love with the daughter of his father's oldest friend, Valentine Wannup; he will not tell her because he is married. But she loves him and so becomes yet another means by which his wife, Sylvia, can persecute him, for Sylvia is possessed of a lust to ruin him. He suffers all her attempts passively, with a sort of Christian stoicism, makes no effort to contradict the stories she spreads of him or to scotch the slanders, but he will not accept a penny of his father's money or his elder brother's when they believe them. Partly through her intrigues, partly because of his intransigent integrity, which will not permit him to depart from his code, to fake statistics for a Liberal government, for instance, his career as a civil servant comes to an early end, while he is no more successful as a soldier; beloved of his men, he suffers the final ignominy of being put in charge of German prisoners behind the line.

Summarised thus baldly, the plot of the Tietjens story may appear melodramatic, sentimental, or both. If it does, it is indicative of the distance we have moved from a stable conception of human goodness based on principle. For Tietjens is Ford's presentation of the Christian Gentleman; which is one reason why his wife persecuted him: he is, maddeningly, too good for her, and she realises it bitterly.

To create a positively good character is notoriously the most difficult problem in character-creation that a novelist can set himself. It is the index of Ford's power as a novelist that he succeeds. But as a central character Tietjens, the good man, the Christian Gentleman, presented Ford with a further problem, Tietjens is static; it is his character always, one might say, to be in character. His role in the four novels is always that of the victim of the booby-traps of fate and of Sylvia, and he emerges as he began, the Tory Christian. A satirist might have made him a sort of Don Quixote, a good simpleton. But Tietjens is not a simpleton; he is, specifically, a man of great learning:

> During the last few months he had employed himself in tabulating from memory the errors in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, of which a new edition had lately appeared . . . Blonde, high-coloured, vacant apparently, you couldn't tell what in the world he was thinking of. The mathematical theory of waves, very likely, or slips in some one's article on Arminianism.

And he is quite without illusions about the nature of his wife or human nature in general, as astonishingly so, for instance, as any character in M. Malraux's novels. Ford succeeds because of his great technical adroitness. Tietjens is fixed, as it were, but reading the novels one is not aware of this. "We used to say"—and the "we" are Conrad and Ford—"that a Subject must be seized by the throat until the last drop of dramatic possibility was squeezed out of it"; and what we have in the four Tietjens books is Tietjens examined and exposed from every possible angle, through the eyes of his wife, his careerist friend, Macmaster, his brother the permanent under-secretary, his godfather and commanding officer General Campion, his mistress Valentine, his fellow officers and the men under him; and the whole presented in terms of the greatest compression. He rarely indulges in direct narration; everything is allusive, elliptical, for the story progresses always through the thoughts of the character who is engrossing his attention at the particular time. He was, as he said himself, a master of the "time-switch." Ford demands quick wits of his reader, and an open-minded, sympathetic receptivity; and the reader must not mind occasional sentences where the convolutions would do credit to the "Old Man" himself.

Despite—perhaps because of—the problems that Tietjens imposed on Ford, such a character was essential to the work he aimed at writing, the subject of which was to be no less than "the public events of a decade." For Tietjens is the fixed point round which the flux eddies, his integrity the measuring rod of the integrity of the other characters, and of the decade itself. When Tietjens is driven out of public life, the bankruptcy of a ruling class is exposed. Whether such a ruling class ever existed is not the question. What matters is that Ford imposes his own belief in it upon the reader; and he is helped by the very boldness of his conception, by his impregnable self-assurance.

One imagines that when the novels of the tetralogy first appeared it was the war passages that attracted most attention. Certainly it was as war-books that Mr. Muir had the Tietjens books in mind. The scenes of war—in *No More Parades* and *A Man Could Stand Up*—are superb: Ford was concerned to show the waste, weariness and boredom, the ordinary soldier's feeling of being forgotten and unwanted, rather than the horrors, for "if you over-state horrors you induce in your reader a state of mind such as, by reaction, causes the horrors to become matters of indifference." But the war scenes are only one part of the sequence. It is the moral attitude that makes the work impressive; and it is, one thinks, as a study of a certain type of Englishman, the type Ford called the Tory but which might more truly be considered the Christian Gentleman in an age no longer propitious for his survival, that it will be read in the future.

WALTER ALLEN

PLATO WITHOUT TEARS

Plato for Pleasure. By ADAM FOX. *John Westhouse.* 8s. 6d.

I confess to a growing feeling of irritation as I read this book; yet it is well written, the comments on Plato are, for the most part, sensible, and, though I disagree with its thesis, I have not yet, I hope, reached the stage of equating disagreement with sin.

The thesis is that Plato's Dialogues "are works of art and must please before they can instruct." We shall, then, be well advised to approach them as we approach a novel:—"The proper approach to the widest appreciation of Plato and of Dickens . . . is to approach their writings as works of creative literature." Plato's achievement, in fact, is to have succeeded in "making thinking pleasant." There is more to the same effect.

Now while it is, of course, true that Plato is an accomplished and agreeable writer with a strong dramatic gift, it seems to me to be nonsense to suggest either (a) that his literary skill and grace are the most important things about him, or (b) that pleasure is the most important of the effects which we obtain from reading him or even that, as Canon Fox apparently believes, pleasure is the appropriate and distinctive effect:—"People and politicians" would, he thinks, be "happier" if they read Plato.

I believe that what is important about Plato's Dialogues is whether what he says is true, whether, that is to say, the structure of the universe is such as he describes and the good life for man such as he commends. I should add that, unless the reader is concerned with truth, is concerned, that is to say, to discover what the universe is like, he won't derive much pleasure from reading Plato. Pleasure, in other words, is in this case as in so many others a by-product, like coke; it supervenes upon the activity of pursuing something else, namely, truth. Hence, Canon Fox's analogy with literature is misleading. In a novel what matters is action; what, we want to know, is going to happen, and is it likely that it would have happened like that. The excellence of a novel is, in other words, that it should be true to life. In a book of philosophy what matters is ideas; what we want to know is whether the ideas convey truth about the universe, whether, in fact, the universe is ordered like that.

From this aspect, the question whether the thinking is easy and pleasant as in Plato, or difficult and crabbed as in Aristotle, is irrelevant. For why, after all, should it be easy? There is no reason that I know of why the universe should be readily comprehensible to the mind of fourth century B.C. man or even of twentieth century A.D. man. Here, then, is ground for disagreement, but not reason for irritation.

What is it, then, about Canon Fox that irritates? It seems to me that this hearty attempt to take the tears out of Plato, this assurance that it is really quite simple, albeit "rather strange stuff," indicates a patronising attitude to the reader. Why should it be assumed that people have no interest in thought for its own sake? That they don't want to try to find out what the universe is like, however difficult the attempt? That they don't even want to exercise their mental muscles, to face the ardours and endurances of intellectual effort? Because, presumably, Canon Fox would answer, people's minds are soft, so that they have to be encouraged and taken by the intellectual hand and assured that it won't hurt, if they are to be induced to embark upon even the easiest of intellectual exercises. But worse than Canon Fox's patronage of the reader is his patronage of Plato. In the matter of love, for instance; Plato's ideas are not, apparently, the same as the Canon's.

For men, we are told, might in Plato's view find more pleasure in one another's society than in that of women; might even come to feel a passionate regard for one another. "This," we are assured, "is very tiresome for the readers of Plato to-day." Why tiresome? Because it is a "perversion" of the "best kind of love-making." In other words, it does not accord with twentieth-century sentiment which holds, presumably, that the great passion of love should not be dissociated from the business of reproducing the species. In Plato it is dissociated, and he is accordingly scolded for "what we should call" his "vastly silly talk and more about love and lovers." "We cannot be expected to like it," says the Canon, "but we must try not to mind it too much." This patronising forbearance infuriates me to the point of being unable to resist the temptation of asking the Canon who he is and what he is, that he should condescend to great men in this way, and of admonishing him not to treat books about Plato as pegs on which to hang out his moral prejudices for an airing. In regard to Plato's "Ideas," he falls into the vulgar error of supposing that they are notions or "ideas" in a mind, in spite of Plato's explicit assertions to the contrary. The Platonic conception of a *real* world which is both independent of human minds and transcends the world of becoming, he holds to be an illusion—"the 'Ideas'," he says, "won't work." Nevertheless, they are, he holds, important because "they give shape to a certain striking and not altogether rare turn of mind." This is dangerously pragmatic. The "Ideas" don't exist, but it is useful for some minds to believe in them.

How a belief that something is real which, in fact, is not real can have valuable effects upon a mind engaged in what is supposed to be a search for truth I was unable to understand—until I reminded myself that the Canon is interested not in whether Plato's doctrines are true but whether he is agreeable to read.

For my part, I have no doubt wherein the attraction of Plato lies. It is the feeling he gives one of being absolutely committed to the argument whatever the conclusions into which it may lead him. Canon Fox, by the way, calls this "exaggerated argumentation." Plato really did believe that human reason was an instrument which, if rightly used, could give us truth. Argue correctly from premises which are true, and you will really find out what the universe is like. Hence, as I well remember, the thrill of reading Plato for the first time was the thrill of intellectual curiosity and intellectual discovery. One was, one felt, really getting somewhere; for either Plato's demonstration of the existence and reality of the world of "Ideas" must be refuted, or we must accept his conclusion that they do indeed constitute the real world. I did not see how to refute it; therefore I felt that I knew what the universe was like. Viewing the Canon's approach from this background, I do not know whether the more to deplore the impertinence or to wonder at the frivolity which treats this tremendous demonstration as if it were a piece of more or less pleasurable fiction.

C. E. M. JOAD

CHILD OF DISSENT

Tooting Corner. By ERIC BLIGH. *Secker and Warburg.* 15s.

Mr. Eric Bligh calls it "a book of reminiscences": reminiscences of ancestry, of childhood, of family and place. Thus it is both more and less than an autobiography of the writer's first fifteen years. Time isn't made to flow, but spreads pools beside which we are invited to gaze and loiter. Absurd to complain that by this method we lose sight of the stream, for *Tooting Corner* is more impregnated with the sense of time than most of such narratives, but it does make for disconnection. Mr. Bligh wishes, for example, to emphasise his Dissenter ancestry, especially as it emerges in the character of his father, so he flits about the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries for a number of chapters before settling down to the circumstances and place of his birth. Some of these preliminaries are entertaining, even necessary perhaps, but they give a haphazard, anecdotal start, which may tempt the reader to skipping. The initial reluctance comes, I believe, from two things: the author's attachment to the past, even a past he hasn't known personally; and his reluctance to do less than complete justice to his father's character. Dr. Bligh was the gentlest of Victorian lions, long-suffering on behalf of his patients, a delightful if improvident head of a family, but with a consuming energy for religious exercises which he expected his household to share. He clung to the Tabernacle, the Sunday school, family prayer; he was in the habit of signing his letters, "Yours in J.C." The extracts from his diary reveal him crisply.

> *Plan:* "7–9, Greek Testament and breakfast. Write to Seddon. Attend lecture at Charing Cross. *British Medical Journal.* Gout and Spinal Diseases." (*He means read up these subjects.*)
>
> *Actual Day:* "Rose at 9. No Greek Testament. Saw patients till 2. Then to Charing Cross to hear Murray's lecture on urine testing. Home by 5.5 train. Called at Ingham's (*his chemist*) to see patient, and at Mrs. Woods and Miss Mills. Nine patients in surgery. Read *B. M. Jnl.* Wrote to Seddon a long letter. Read Psl. 102, and so finished. In bed at 1.40. Shaw the fireman tells me that he can dress and turn out in 1 min. 10 seconds. Why cannot I?

Most revealing of all, perhaps, was the entry of a child's death (one of several that died): "Scarlet Fever and Everlasting life, Jan. 23rd, 1884." Dr. Bligh was superb, patriarchal, devoted, but finally somewhat insensitive. No wonder as a child the author of this book "adored" and afterwards quarrelled with him. This quarrel or family divergence is mentioned but never brought on the scene. The central situation—much, one supposes, like that of Gosse's *Father and Son*—has been suppressed, and naturally the book suffers. Hence the reluctance in beginning, the life-likeness of all the characters, who are however kept apart as though under glass, the static treatment of time, the fragmentary self-revelation of the author. It may be presumption to suggest that in this child's early adoration (his own word) of his father there must have been an admixture of fear. He stammered very badly. At the age of six he had a serious illness (we aren't told its nature):

> . . . I had all through the dullest part of the winter what seemed to me a very delightful illness. Alas, I have never recovered the cosiness of that season. For some time afterwards I always referred to it as the time "when I were ill," and the recollection afforded me nothing but pleasure. Linseed poultices were its only inconvenience, for I disliked the heavy brown smell and the small fragments adhering to my body. As for the colour, it was to return to me two or three years later in the brown reproductions of the paintings by Watts. The very paisley quilt, under which I nearly died, became for me a kind of symbol of carefree life. The temperature of the room had to be kept round about sixty, and the merry firelight danced continually, a diversion not known at other times. I drank cups of cold milk at parched moments during the night, and woke up every morning to toys and picture books.

The life of this child six years old must have been extraordinarily unhappy before it could embrace illness in this way. Mr. Bligh would point to the stammer, which afflicted him atrociously. But stammering is only a symptom. He could read aloud to himself with a certain degree of fluency, and in the presence of his father, we are told, he didn't do badly so long as he stood out of sight, behind his father's chair.

However the illness itself (note the carefully evocative prose in which we are told of it) and even the stammer which made conversation unbearable may have been the starting-point of Mr. Bligh's interest in literature. One of his first loves in reading was a volume of Herrick: unusual choice. His mother, dissenting a little from Dissent, "read everything" herself and

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encouraged her children's tastes. Tennyson was everywhere, even on Papa's lips when he was courting (though long afterwards he spoilt it by referring to the time when he "spouted" Tennyson); Swinburne even might be discovered down a chair-back or under a cushion. One of the delights of *Tooting Corner* is the width and unexpectedness of Mr. Bligh's reading and the style he has fashioned for himself from these solitary hours of reading aloud.

Apart from the weakness of structure inherent in the author's approach, his book has both amplitude and charm. He remembers just those details that mark off one family, one childhood, from another: the Gollywogg epic that went on for months, his father's big-bear voice in the tabernacle, the pantry-door that had to be rattled at night to warn mice of an approach. Let me quote again:

> We never possessed a homogeneous set of tea-things. Almost all our plates and cups and saucers were different. My mother preferred it thus, as it gave her opportunities of choosing single plates and cups and saucers of which she liked the colour. There was a remarkable pile of what we called fruit plates. These were not used at ordinary meals, but I associate them almost entirely with the consumption of slices of pineapple at birthday teas. Each plate was different, and each was perfectly familiar and handled with special care. They meant the month of May to me, for on my birthday Frank and Jack would come to tea, entering by the front door, though every other day of the year they would come in by the garden. On these afternoons the dining-room was all warm with westering sunshine and the scent of pineapple, and the venetian blinds would be partly drawn, so that we sat in golden shafts of light.

Sense of loss: awareness of place. In a number of chapters Mr. Bligh sets out to explore the rooms of the big old house, to which a surgery and a well-shrubbed garden added mystery; "Everything but Wax Fruit," the tour of the drawing-room, immerses one's attention beautifully. And outside the windows, there are streets, the old-fashioned chemist and the sanctified "tin Tab," a Derby Day crowd joggling past, a Chinese visitor walking up to the front door. The Tooting of those days had only just entered on its transformation into what the author calls a rather howling middle-class suburb.

"The hero of this book," writes Mr. Bligh, "is my father, a doctor who sacrificed worldly success to his religious obsession. A saint can be a very difficult and irritating parent. . . ." He can also be the making and the ruination of a book.

G. W. STONIER

A GREEK TRAGEDY

The Greek Trilogy. By LT. COL. BYFORD-JONES. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

In politics as in law a man must be deemed to intend the natural consequences of his acts. Whatever protestation of benevolent motive be now made to the contrary, it must be taken—and certainly will be taken throughout Europe—that Mr. Bevin desired the creation in Greece of a Royalist Government including the inevitable ex-collaborators and pro-Nazis, a Government created, whatever whitewashing may come later, by means of an election which every friend of Britain in Greece, including the then Greek Prime Minister, urged us to postpone.

There have always been two alternatives confronting British policy in Greece: either to make Greece an anti-Communist outpost serving imperial strategy as the Foreign Office assesses it, or to encourage a liberal Greece by giving support to the parties of the Left and Left-Centre, a Greece which would have at least attempted to throw off the legacy of the Metaxas and German Occupation regimes. The first alternative was (and still is) doomed to failure since the Royalists and the anti-Communists lack even the desire for an economic policy which would have any chance of solving the problems presented by Greek peasant poverty and social backwardness. Yet this is the policy which has now been adopted by Mr. Bevin, and the equanimity with which the country as a whole views the spectacle of Mr. Tsaldaris and the British Foreign Office, incubating Communism in Greece with a Government of archaic Royalists and Russophobes, is yet another example of the ease with which this country has always been able to disguise even its major diplomatic defeats as victories—for a time.

The final criterion of whether recent British policy in Greece has been correct is not only whether the recent elections were free from terrorism, but whether the future of Greece has been served by them and by the Government which has been thus brought into being. The stark fact is that the recent elections, far from solving a single one of Greece's problems, have merely added one more; and as the Allied observers prepare to leave Greece the talk everywhere is of the "next round" of the Greek Civil War.

Col. Byford-Jones arrived in Greece with the liberating British troops in October, 1944, served in Athens throughout the Civil War and left Greece shortly after the capitulation of Elas with the signing of the Varkisa agreement. This book therefore stops short of the recent elections by a year. Though it contains a good deal of background material it is primarily a gossipy and rather obvious record, always honest and humane, of the deepening crisis from October onwards culminating in the December Civil War. There is an excellent eye-witness account of the shooting by the police of the unarmed Eam demonstration on Sunday, December 3rd, a description which makes nonsense of the pretence by Mr. Papandreou's senior British Police advisers, that the police "fired in self-defence and prevented a revolution on the spot." Incidentally, the report on this incident promised by Mr. Churchill to an anxious House of Commons has never been published; and Col. Evert, chief of the Athens Police, is still in command.

Though he makes a sincere attempt to present the Eam point of view Col. Byford-Jones takes a near-Churchillian view of events. He holds that British troops went into Greece with no policy and no aims of their own, prepared to treat the political situation there found on its merits. I believe that such a view can arise only from ignorance of, or reluctance to acknowledge, the long standing intrigues in Cairo, in London, and in Greece which preceded the British entry into Piraeus harbour. There is certainly a case for maintaining that after December 6th, the British forces could not but intervene: but there is no case for the British decision to land the Mountain Brigade and Middle East Forces in Athens when negotiations over the disarmament of Elas had reached a crisis of confidence; no case at all for Mr. Churchill's insistence on the retention of these forces as separate units against Mr. Papandreou's anxiety to compromise on this issue; and no case at all for the British on the evening of December 4th vetoing a new Government under M. Sophoulis, in which Communist and Eam members had agreed to serve and which might have prevented the fighting.

Had Col. Byford-Jones remained in Greece longer when British troops reoccupied the country for a second time after the fighting, had he seen their destruction of the provincial Eam regimes which still ruled outside Athens and watched the quick return under benevolent British "non-intervention" of the Security Battalion and Metaxas elements to their present position of dominance in the Security Services, he might well have developed more doubts as to British policy than his book indicates.

For in truth the situation in Greece has wor-

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sened month by month since the conclusion of the Civil War with moderate and Centre Governments rarely in control of their "own" National Guard, their "own" judiciary, their "own" civil service. Collaborationist judges acquit collaborationist Army officers: not a single Quisling of officer status has yet been executed. The British Police Mission excludes all ex-Elas men from the police force, but recruits ex-Security Battalion elements.

The Royalist "X" organisation, declared illegal and disarmed in December, 1944, is again declared illegal after the Kalamata revolt in February of this year, but nobody can say when it was legalised: within six weeks of the second ban "X" is running its own candidates in the election. When anxiety is expressed in Parliament we are told that these are "questions of internal Greek politics for which we cannot be responsible."

The final commentary on the tragedy is the reappearance as Minister of Communications in the new Government of General Gonatas, supporter and recruiter of the German armed quisling Security Battalions in Athens. Over a year ago General Plastiras wished to make his old Army comrade Governor-General of Macedonia. He made the appointment but the Regent refused his consent on the ground that the appointment of such a man could only damage Greece internationally. To-day General Gonatas can emerge without comment. That is only one pointer to the present degeneracy of the Greek political scene.

LYALL WILKES

RUSSIA OUT OF PERSPECTIVE?

Report on Russia. By PAUL WINTERTON. *Cresset Press.* 6s.

Russia in Perspective. By GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK. *Macdonald.* 5s.

Soviet Russia. By KATHLEEN GIBBERD. *R.I.I.A.* 5s.

Mr. Paul Winterton broadcast about 600 times from Moscow during four years of war. He did his best to give the public a true picture but the Soviet censorship did not permit him to say all that he wished. *Report on Russia* is intended to give the other side of the picture. The Soviet Government have brought this book on themselves by their treatment of foreign correspondents, but it is hard on us to be given a million words of jam first and then all the powder in one dose.

If you are inclined to think that the Soviet Union is merely a liberal democracy of an extreme kind or even that it is developing towards our Western conception of democracy, you are in need of Mr. Winterton's powder and should read his book without delay. But unfortunately *Report on Russia* is by its nature almost wholly destructive. The reader's mind is indeed left swept and garnished, but there are seven more devils worse than those Mr. Winterton has cast out, waiting to take possession of public opinion.

The author does indeed say, and it is his considered view, that the Soviet Government's "record can probably compare favourably, so far as social and economic progress is concerned, with that of any government in history." But it is not the purpose of the present book to expound this theme and indeed the author's debunking will lead most readers to sinister conclusions about the Soviet regime.

The key to the Soviet riddle is to be found in a wider historical perspective, such as Mr. Soloveychik tries to provide. There are many good things in his book, particularly in the historical part. He shows the Russians as human beings, and he makes the reader feel some of the long historical evolution which has made the Russia of to-day. But in his account of the Soviet period and its antecedents Mr. Soloveychik does not rise above the very understandable prejudices of a white emigré. He has not apparently lived in the Soviet Union and his deductions from what he has read are generally wide of the mark. For instance, he thinks the Red Army is an "organised pressure group." Mr. Winterton's readers will be able to think of one reason why this is unlikely.

A personal instance will show why some of us cannot accept Mr. Winterton's perspective, though we accept very many of his facts. He is kind enough to speak well of the work done by the Press Dept. of H.M. Embassy, of which the present reviewer happened to be the head during Mr. Winterton's time in Moscow, but he regards us as frustrated and stonewalled at every point. I cannot agree. Our publicity in the Soviet Union did not achieve as much as might have been desired or indeed expected, if the background of Anglo-Soviet relations had been better, but we got more done than I thought possible when I took the job on. Mr. Winterton expected more than I did. Our task was not easy, but it was not more uphill than was to be foreseen. In my view some of Mr. Winterton's statements about our publicity leave so much unsaid that they create a false impression. Over a year after the author's gloomy predictions *British Ally* is still circulated throughout the Soviet Union and still read by over half a million people every week.

But disagreements about facts would be comparatively few. More important is the lack of context, which can give facts a false connotation, but this is a fault inherent in the plan of the book.

For all his bitterness against the Kremlin, Mr. Winterton does not take too pessimistic a view of our prospects of living at peace with the Soviet Union, provided we base ourselves on realities. He thinks that "an examination of Russian policy with a clear and impartial eye does not lead to the conclusion that Russia is seeking other people's wealth or territory out of greed, or extending her influence for the sake of enjoying power over others. She has not the least desire to russify non-Russians or to destroy local cultures. She has certainly no desire to dominate the world, as Hitler had. Her aim appears to be defensive . . . I am sure that neither the Russian people nor the Kremlin would view with anything but horror the possibility of another war."

He does think, however, that the Russians would prefer a world of exclusive zones separated by iron curtains.

He gives evidence to show that military training occupies a high place in Soviet education and the reader is left to infer that a new militarism is being created. This might seem to contradict the view just quoted; perhaps the answer is that Soviet education is military but not militaristic in that it teaches boys and girls to defend their country but does not glorify war in the Nazi manner.

I have left Miss Gibberd's well-balanced little book to the last, but good wine needs no bush. *Soviet Russia* is packed with information given in a clear, concise and vivid style.

JOHN LAWRENCE

EXETER REPLANNED

Exeter Phoenix. By THOMAS SHARP. *Architectural Press.* 10s.

Sensibility and practicability are probably combined more nearly in the city plan here officially put forward than in any other published so far. Before the war all planners were at a disadvantage because they had to propose sweeping away as well as rebuilding, and this involved waste of time in hard-hitting self-defence. The Germans have done more sweeping away in Exeter than any planner would have suggested, and the task there to-day is to suggest sensible

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To those listeners who enjoyed the broadcast of this author's BRENDON CHASE *the publishers announce a reprint in course of preparation.*

PHILOSOPHY

Vol. XXI No. 78

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and long-sighted instead of bit-by-bit and short-sighted reinstatement.

Mr. Sharp's basis of argument is this: that Exeter is unlikely to increase much in size in the future, that it has some—not too many—productive industries and that it is an important shopping, tourist, ecclesiastical and administrative centre; in other words that it is a well-balanced city, serving as well as producing. Further, that it has traded far too long on a well-advertised reputation as a "medieval" and "picturesque" city, and that to succeed as such in the future it needs new architectural and scenic amenities. Only on the last point might he be taken up. "Exeter is a jewel. We have destroyed it." So said the German radio on the morning of May 4th, 1942. It wasn't quite true, but it proved one thing: that Exeter's reputation for interest and beauty was not local only. Mr. Sharp points out that it had hardly half a dozen buildings earlier than the 17th century, and that its real architectural distinction, apart from that of the cathedral, lay in its Georgian and Regency terraces, which were unappreciated in Exeter itself and are not once mentioned in the city's official guide book. These he would retain, reinstating the damaged Dix's Field, rebuilding only over the vanished and once beautiful Bedford Circus. (But was it, in fact, demolished by the Germans, or were its considerable remains razed wilfully while the City was still under military control?).

Nevertheless, somehow or other, Exeter had more charm, on which it rightly traded, than Mr. Sharp quite allows. With Plymouth, it epitomized the West Country in urban form. Walking up Fore Street or South Street on a summer evening, past the pubs with their Heavitree Ale signs, past the stuccoed chapels set back behind iron railings and the pink sandstone churches pushed in at odd angles, their deliquescent-looking towers nudging the sweet-shops and toy-shops at their bases, one was filled with a feeling of gratified nostalgia whether or not one had been born in a Devonshire rectory and had visited it all in childhood. This Exeter has not all gone, and it is perhaps this Exeter against which a lively and vigorous planner like Mr. Sharp must harden his heart. He does so, obviously grudgingly, but relegates to his prefatory notes and his captions his most feeling comments about it.

His major proposals, both negative and positive, inspire confidence. He is a good anti-Civic-Centre man and suggests that the large public buildings instead of being congealed into a super-cinematic mass should be disposed at convenient but different points. Rightly, he wants at all costs to avoid the modern city dressed in medieval trappings—a half-timbered city that would become a black-and-white elephant in eighteen months; and he suggests that a little delay in developing a good plan is better than a lot of hustle in returning to normal trade and normal, and unmanageable traffic. Among his positive proposals a sympathetic and a key one is his imaginative placing of a central by-pass, with appropriate bus and car-parks, making a virtue of the difficulties of the site to the north of the city centre. Previous plans have all envisaged a central bye-pass along Southernhay, which is lined by a lovely brick-and-shuttered terrace of Georgian houses (half of them destroyed in the Baedeker raid) in the neighbourhood of the Close. This he clearly proves would be in the long run inconvenient and destructive. His desire to open up vistas of the cathedral without destroying the "closeness" of the Close is sympathetic enough, too.

But the paucity and horror that yet face us, even with sound and sensitive planning, loom up at the point where Mr. Sharp leaves us. "It is impossible," he says, "to lay down definite rules as to detailed design." No half-timber with fumed-oak covered ways—we are all decided about that. (Or are we? He hints that some Exeter shopkeepers are not.) Nor, surely, acres of devitalised banker's Georgian. But what then? "The buildings which will stand the test of time in this city will be those which show no stylistic tricks at all but which depend for their effect on being clean, well-proportioned and honest." Which gets us nowhere, in spite of its seeming weight. It could mean modernistic or neo-Georgian as we already know them, or the Dry-Cleaning style. Until a new architecture arises and until architects are given their head we are in fact planning, and shall go on planning, for utility and convenience only, with beauty looking after itself as it does in our cinemas and road-houses; for, at best, cities or parts of cities that we can get about in conveniently, that do not offend the eye nor please it either, except where bits of the old museum peep between clean and honest emporia and newly-planted limes.

The book is pleasingly produced; the plans are gay and readable, the photographs excellent, the captions lively and informative. Only the semi-aerial perspectives are distressing in their suggestion—or rather their acute lack of suggestion—about the style of the future.

JOHN PIPER

Contact: The First Spring of Peace. *Contact Publications.* 3/6

The first impression made by this long-expected first number is that one has run into a typographer's frolic. Lavish, cinematic, dramatically inspired by the revolution of our time, this publication leaves one often uncertain, in the dazzling American fashion, of where advertisements end and articles begin. Sebastian Haffner coldly and candidly assesses the future of Europe; R. H. S. Crossman shakes up the Foreign Office; Kingsley Martin and Ed. Murrow argue about England and America—this dialogue form borrowed from the radio is attractive. Elizabeth Bowen is excellent on Folkestone. Ted Kavanagh gives us wonderful glimpses into the Joycean thought-stream that provides Itma. James Laver, J. D. Bernal, Philip Toynbee, Arturo Barea and Benedetto Croce are among a long list of specialised contributors. This journalistic Brains Trust aims at distracting the preoccupied specialist and at following the Penguins in their great break through the ranks of the English public.

Week-end Competitions

No. 847

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for a poetic fragment in the manner of Browning evoking the lost pleasures of the National Gallery concerts. Length not to exceed 20 lines. Entries by April 30th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 844

Set by Allan M. Laing

The L.P.T.B. have opened a "courtesy campaign" with a wealth of seriously meant slogans. The usual prizes are offered for six rhymed couplets embodying satirically comic courtesy slogans obliquely reflecting on traffic experiences.

Report by Allan M. Laing

I took some trouble to make the terms of this competition unambiguous, yet quite a large proportion of entrants sent in quatrains and even longer verse forms instead of couplets, and "safety first" platitudes instead of courtesy slogans. The competition proved, too, unexpectedly difficult, and I cannot claim that the standard of entries was very high. Still, as Sir John Squire remarked in a parody once, "there were some interesting ones," and from these I have chosen nine. I recommend a guinea each to

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